No. 108
AMAZING TALES
CREEPY WORLDS
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COMICS AT
AY
RMICHAEL RD
S.E. 25
HALF
6P
THE ASTONISHING TALE OF
"THE PROFESSOR'S LITTLE WORLD"

PROFESSOR DEMAR DEEDS WAS ONE OF THOSE WHO HAD WORKED IN OAK RIDGE DURING WORLD WAR II! HIS MATHEMATICAL GENIUS WAS PARTIALLY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE HELL-BOMB THAT CHANGED THE WORLD...HE LET THEM TALK HIM INTO CONTINUING WITH THE WORK...HE DELVED DEEPER INTO ABSTRACT PHYSICS THAN ANY OTHER MAN! IN TIME, HE STOPPED SHARING WHAT HE LEARNED...HIS KNOWLEDGE WENT FAR BEYOND HIS COMTEMPORARIES! HE LEARNED THE MYSTERIES OF THE GAMMA RAYS, HE SOLVED THE DANGERS OF OUTER-SPACE RADIATION FOR OUR SPACE PILOTS...AND HE DETESTED HIS WORK! HE HAD A HOBBY INTO WHICH HE POURED HIS TRUE GENIUS...A MACHINE WHICH NO MAN KNEW ABOUT! HE HAD MODELS...LIVING CREATURES...IN A WORLD THAT WAS AN EXACT REPLICA OF ANOTHER, MORE PRIMITIVE, AND INFINITELY MORE HAPPY TIME!

# THE PROFESSOR'S LITTLE WORLD

CREEPY WORLDS
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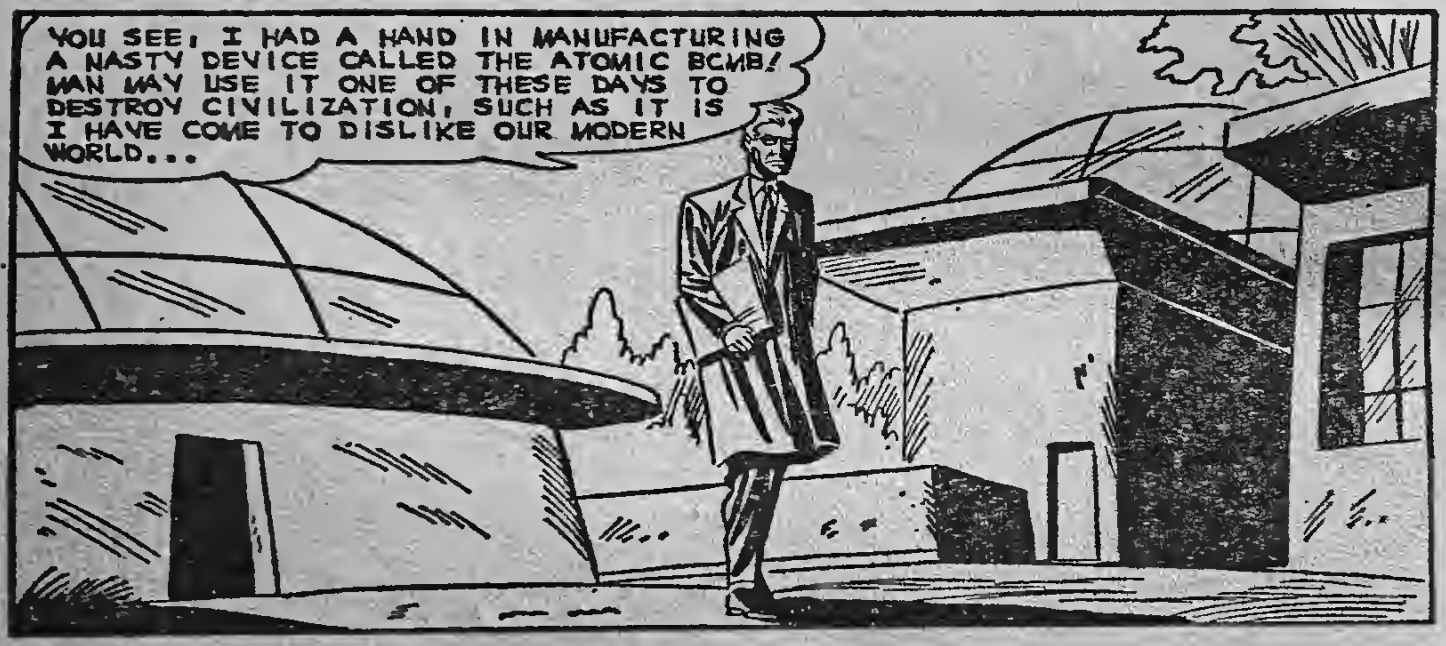
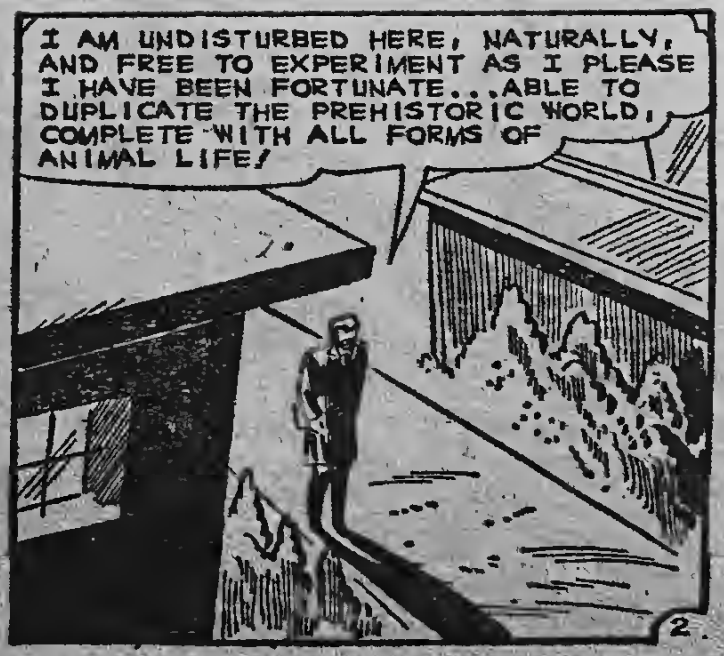
HOWEVER, IT WAS TOO DIFFICULT DEVELOPING THESE SPECIMENS TO LET THEM DESTROY THEMSELVES SO STUPIDLY! I WILL PLACE YOU ELSEWHERE IN YOUR WORLD, MACHAIRODUS!
GRRRRR

ARE YOU SURPRISED? YOU, DISBELIEVE, OF COURSE, AND PROBABLY THINK ME QUITE INSANE BUT I ASSURE YOU, I AM NOT!


YOU SEE, I HAD A HAND IN MANUFACTURING A NASTY DEVICE CALLED THE ATOMIC BOMB! MAN MAY USE IT ONE OF THESE DAYS TO DESTROY CIVILIZATION, SUCH AS IT IS I HAVE COME TO DISLIKE OUR MODERN WORLD...

...AND, SO, I HAVE CONSTRUCTED A WORLD OF MY OWN! IT IS NOT SMALL, BY ANY MEANS, BUT, IN COMPARISON WITH OUR PLANET OF WHICH IT IS A FAITHFUL DUPLICATE, IT IS MICROSCOPIC!


I AM UNDISTURBED HERE, NATURALLY, AND FREE TO EXPERIMENT AS I PLEASE I HAVE BEEN FORTUNATE...ABLE TO DUPLICATE THE PREHISTORIC WORLD, COMPLETE WITH ALL FORMS OF ANIMAL LIFE!

IT LACKS THE MOST ESSENTIAL SPECIES, OF COURSE! HOMO SAPIENS, THE ANIMAL WHICH EVOLVED INTO MODERN MAN! I SHOULD LIKE TO PUT A FEW SPECIMENS INTO THAT PRIMITIVE ENVIRONMENT AND OBSERVE THE RESULTS! YOU'D BE INTERESTED TOO, I AM SURE!

THAT AFTERNOON, BY CHANCE, AN AGGRESSIVE YOUNG MAN ARRIVED AT THE GATES TO REQUEST AN INTERVIEW WITH PROF. DEEDS...
I SAID NO! NO INTERVIEWS!
AT LEAST CALL THE PROFESSOR AND ASK!

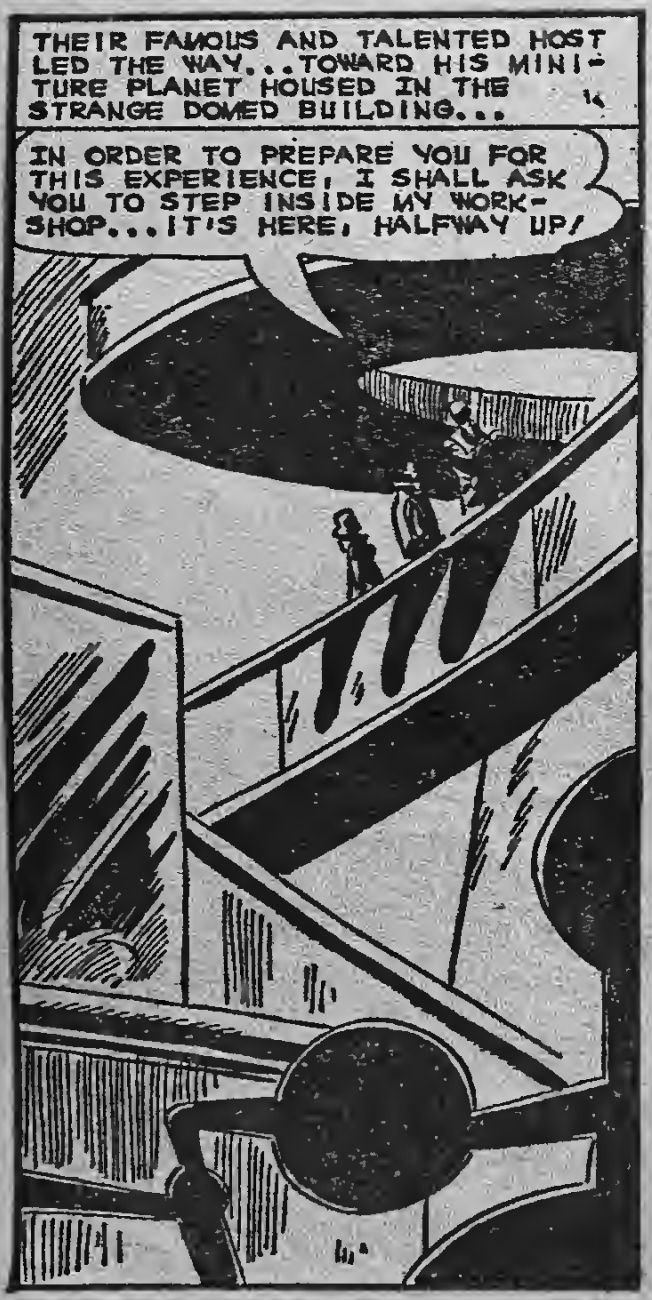
THE GUARD HAD INSTRUCTIONS TO THROW ANY INTRUDERS OUT SO...
I WARNED Y...OOOOOFFF!
WHAAK

ROY! ROY, WAIT FOR ME!
I TOLD YOU TO WAIT IN THE CAR...BUT ALL RIGHT, YOU CAN COME!

HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE? I LEFT INSTRUCTIONS WITH MARCEL THAT...
MARCEL TOLD US, PROFESSOR! MY GIRL AND I WORK FOR SCOOP, THE NATIONAL PICTURE MAGAZINE! HOW ABOUT AN INTERVIEW?

LET ME UNDERSTAND PROPERLY/ YOU FORCED YOUR WAY IN HERE, EVEN THOUGH YOU KNEW YOU WERE NOT WANTED, CORRECT?
ROY IS IMPULSIVE, PROFESSOR DEEDS/ IT WAS WRONG OF US BUT...
STOP APOLOGIZING, POLLY/ IT'S OUR JOB TO BE OBNOXIOUS/

VERY WELL/ I SHALL GIVE YOU YOUR STORY/ IF YOU WILL FOLLOW ME?
LET'S LEAVE, ROY/ SUDDENLY, I'M SCARED/


THEIR FAMOUS AND TALENTED HOST LED THE WAY...TOWARD HIS MINITURE PLANET HOUSED IN THE STRANGE DOMED BUILDING...
IN ORDER TO PREPARE YOU FOR THIS EXPERIENCE, I SHALL ASK YOU TO STEP INSIDE MY WORKSHOP...IT'S HERE, HALFWAY UP/

I AM VERY GLAD YOU CAME, YOUNG PEOPLE/ STAND HERE, YOUNG LADY/ I'VE WANTED TO TEST HUMAN REACTION TO WHAT I'VE CREATED/

TALKING SMOOTHLY AND REASSURINGLY, THE PROFESSOR STEPPED BACK, TOUCHED A SWITCH, AND...
ROY, WHAT IS HE DOING TO US?
ZZMMMM

THEY FAINTED...BUT CAME TO QUICKLY, FEELING NO ILL EFFECTS! THE GIRL NOTICED THE PROFESSOR ONLY AFTER THE QUICK, BLINDING FLASH OF A CAMERA BULB!
ROY! ROY, WHERE ARE YOU?
.....

NOW, YOU ARE READY TO VIEW MY WORK!

NOW...LET ME SEE! IF I PLACE YOU IN THE AREA WHERE THE CARNIVEROUS REPTILES TEND TO GATHER, YOU WOULDN'T LAST LONG!

DON'T DO IT, YOU SADISTIC EGGHEAD! NOT HERE!

THEN, THEY WERE DEPOSITED GENTLY ON THE GROUND...THE PROFESSOR VANISHED FROM THEIR HORIZON...THEY WERE ALONE IN A PRIMITIVE MAN-MADE WORLD!
OH, ROY, I'M SO FRIGHTENED!
RELAX, HONEY! IF THIS ISN'T JUST A WEIRD DREAM, THEN THE PROFESSOR WON'T LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO US! SEE? I TOLD YOU TO WAIT FOR ME IN THE CAR!

YOU NINNY! I WANT TO BE WITH YOU, WHEREVER YOU ARE!
I'M GLAD, HONEY!

HEY, MY CAMERA SEEMS TO BE WORKING ALL RIGHT!
NEVER MIND YOUR CAMERA! LOOK AT THAT!

"THAT" TURNED OUT TO BE A TYRANNOSAURUS...50 FT LONG, 18 FT HIGH (IN PROPORTION TO THEIR SIZE) AND A VERY HUNGRY REPTILE!
ROY, DO SOMETHING!
I AM...

THERE WAS AN UNEARTHLY SHRIEK... AND THE NATURAL ENEMY OF TYRANNOSAURUS MOVED INTO THE PICTURE!
RRRRRRR
GRRRRR

COME ON...LET'S FIND A SAFER PLACE!

THEY HAD NO MATCHES...BUT ROY REMEMBERED HIS BOY SCOUT LESSONS AND THERE WAS A FIRE TO PROTECT THEM THAT NIGHT!
THE PROFESSOR MADE HIS POINT, HON! I'LL NEVER GO WHERE I'M NOT WANTED AGAIN!
WE'VE ACCOMPLISHED ONE THING, DARLING! NOW, WE KNOW WE LOVE EACH OTHER!

CAME THE DAWN...BY COURTESY OF PROFESSOR DEEDS, ROY THOUGHT SOURLY/ AND FRESH DANGER TO OVER-COME...
HOW LONG WILL THIS GO ON, ROY? WHERE IS THE CRAZY PROFESSOR?
MAYBE HE'S NOT COMING BACK, SWEETHEART/ WE MAY HAVE TO SPEND THE REST OF OUR LIVES IN THIS UNREAL WORLD!

LOOK OUT!
RRRRRRR

MY MY, MY/ I CERTAINLY DIDN'T EXPECT MY TIGER TO BE THIS VICIOUS/ I GUESS IT'S TIME TO END THIS EPISODE!

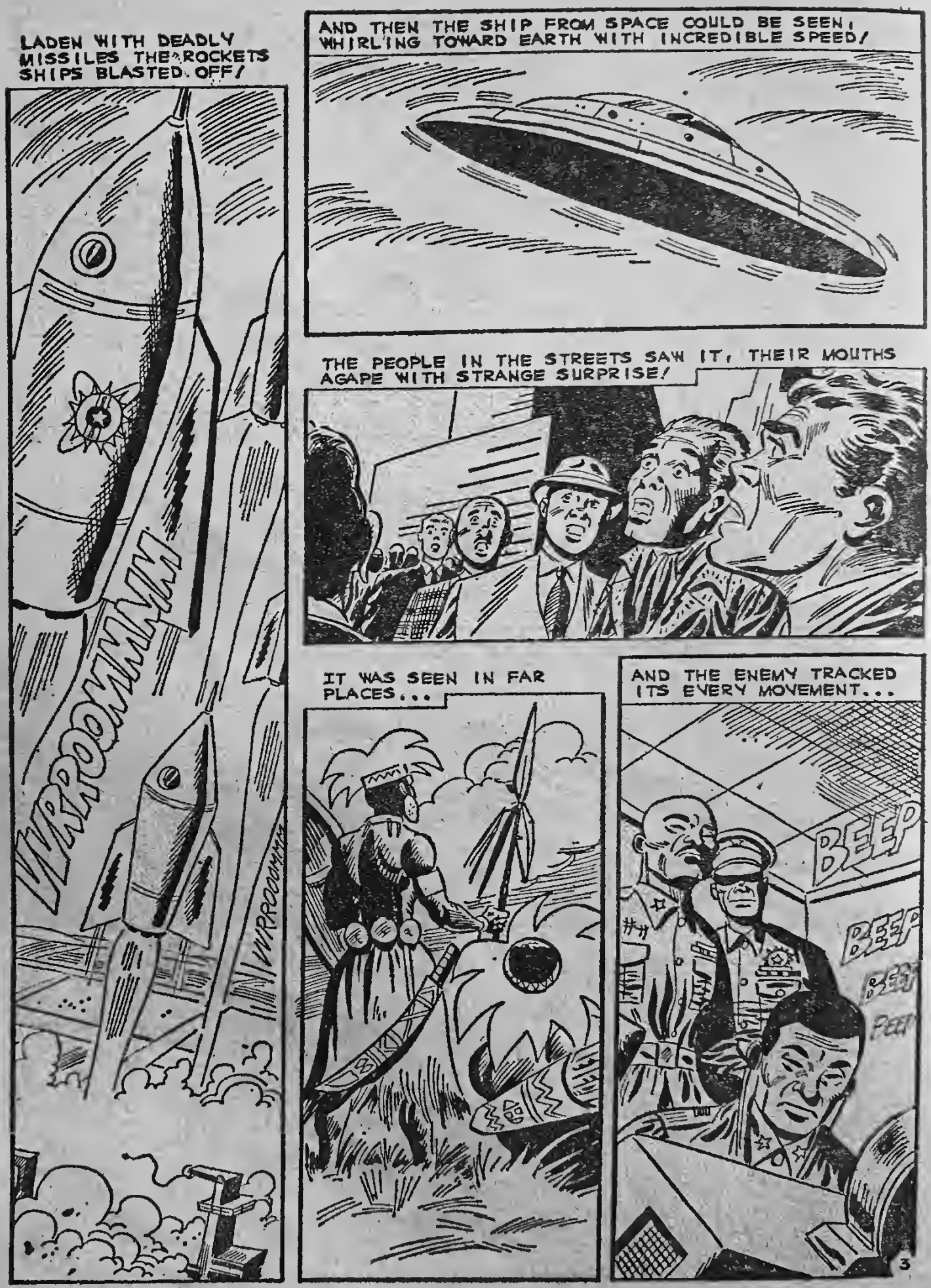
LET US DETERMINE WHETHER OR NOT MY GAMMA-DIODE-RAY CAN REVERSE THE SHRINKING PROCESS IT INDUCED IN YOU TWO/

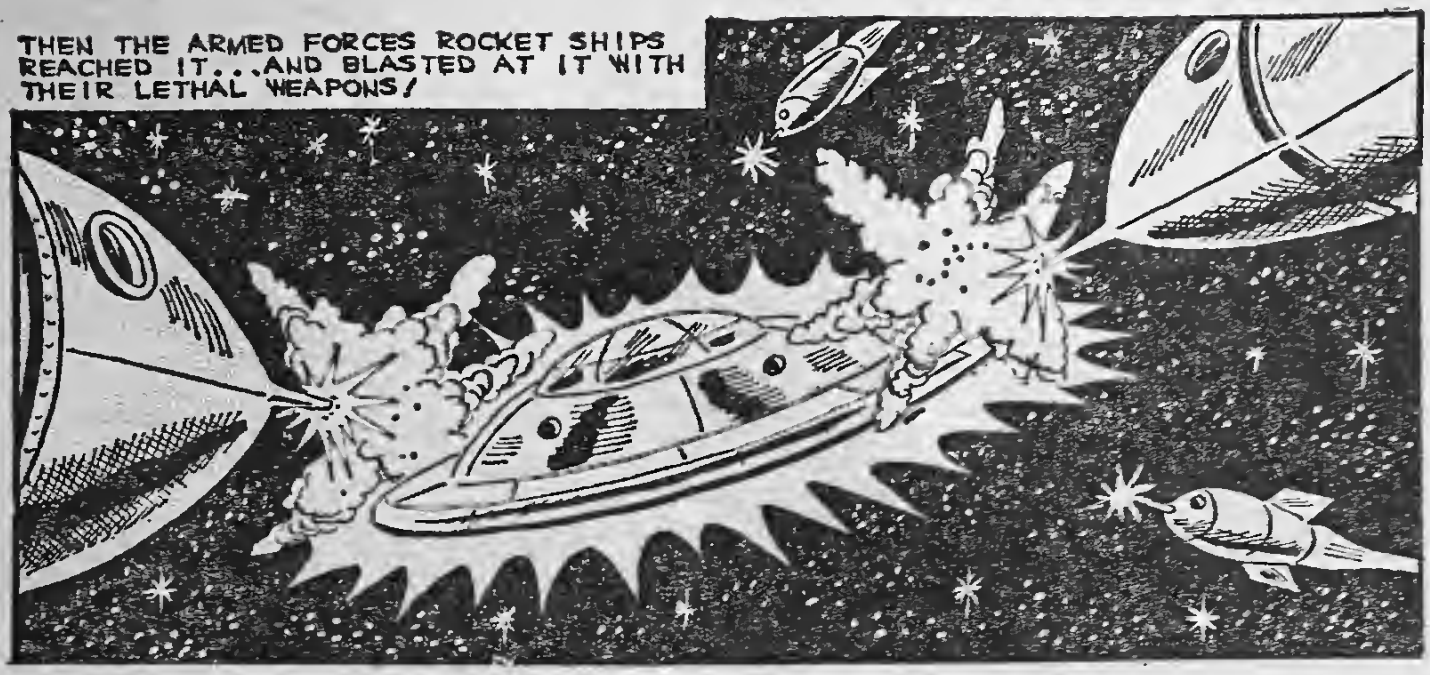
OH, YES, THEY ARE RESPONDING NICELY/

YOU BOTH WERE VERY BRAVE/ I REGRET FRIGHTENING YOU BUT...
DON'T APOLOGIZE, PROFESSOR/ IF THESE FILMS DEVELOP AS WELL AS YOU SAY, I'LL BE FAMOUS/ NO ONE WILL BELIEVE THEM, OF COURSE, BUT SCOOP WILL PRINT THEM AND PAY ME PLENTY FOR GETTING THEM!
END

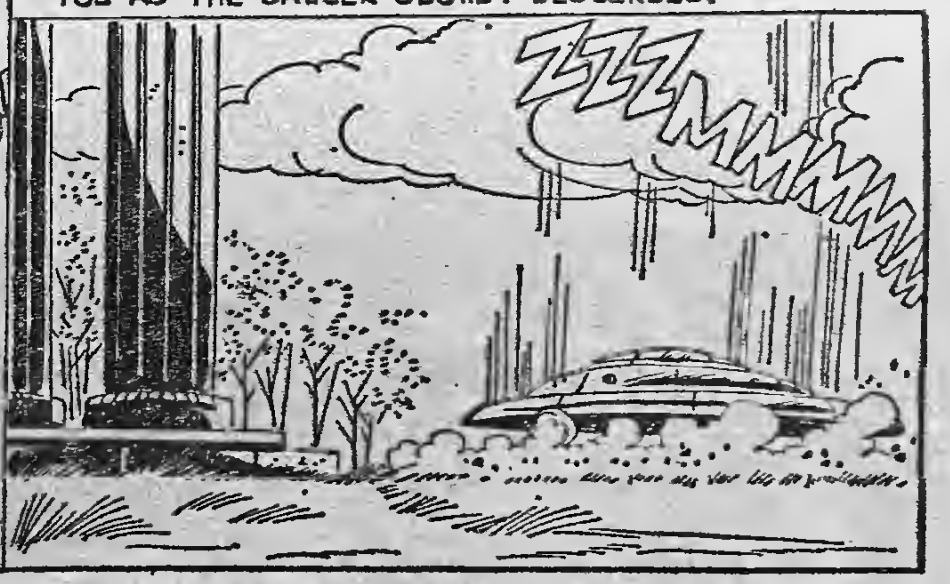
# AGENT FROM SPACE

WE CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES...
IT MUST BE A TRICK! FOCUS OUR ATTENTION ON THIS...
WHILE THEY HIT US AT SOME VITAL PLACE!
MR. PRESIDENT, IF THEY STRIKE FIRST IT WILL BE ALL THAT IS NEEDED FOR THEM TO WIN!
WE MUST PREVENT THIS AT ALL COSTS!
A DECISION MUST BE MADE QUICKLY ...AND THE PRESIDENT MADE THE ONLY ONE HE COULD!
AT ALL COSTS I MUST PROTECT MY PEOPLE! SO SOUND A GENERAL ALERT! IF A SHIP APPEARS OUT OF SPACE I LEAVE ITS DISPOSITION IN THE HANDS OF THE ARMED FORCES!
SHIP COMING IN FROM OUTER SPACE, JUST APPEARING ON SCREEN...
ORDERS SNAPPED LIKE STATIC THROUGH THE AIR...
BBBRRRWWWWWWWWW
BRRWWWWWW


LADEN WITH DEADLY MISSILES THE ROCKETS SHIPS BLASTED OFF!
VVRROOMMMM
VVRROOOMMM
AND THEN THE SHIP FROM SPACE COULD BE SEEN, WHIRLING TOWARD EARTH WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED!
THE PEOPLE IN THE STREETS SAW IT, THEIR MOUTHS AGAPE WITH STRANGE SURPRISE!
IT WAS SEEN IN FAR PLACES...
AND THE ENEMY TRACKED ITS EVERY MOVEMENT...
BEEP
BEEP
BEEP
BEEP


THEN THE ARMED FORCES ROCKET SHIPS REACHED IT...AND BLASTED AT IT WITH THEIR LETHAL WEAPONS!

WE CAN'T HIT IT! IT SEEMS TO HAVE PUT UP AN INVISIBLE SHIELD! OUR ROCKETS GLANCE OFF IT WITHOUT EFFECT! WE CAN'T STOP IT! WE CAN'T STOP IT!


THE ROCKET SHIPS WERE ORDERED TO RETURN, AND A STRANGE, QUIET FEAR SETTLED OVER THE CAPITOL AS THE SAUCER SLOWLY DESCENDED!
ZZZZ MMMMM

IF THIS IS A TRICK OF THE ENEMY WE'RE DOOMED ANYWAY! WE CAN'T TOUCH THAT SHIP!
WH...WHAT WILL WE DO WHEN WHO...OR WHATEVER, IS IN THE SHIP COMES OUT?

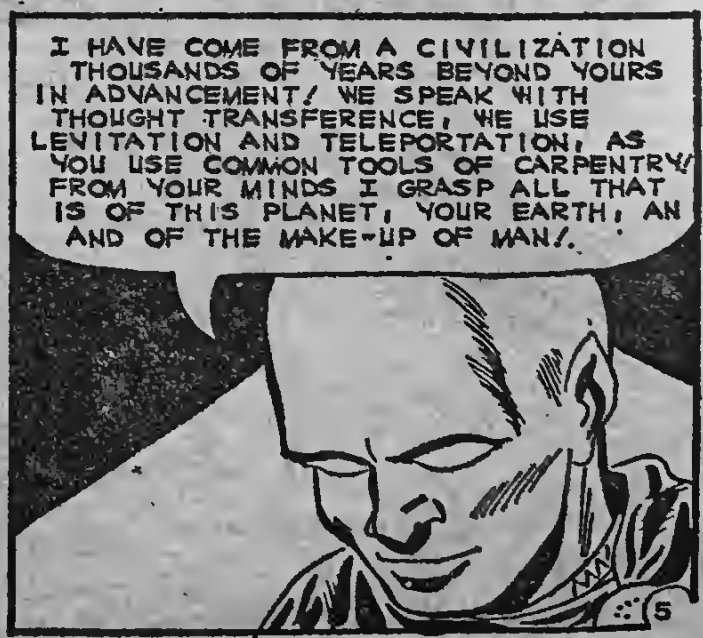
WHOEVER IT IS WILL BE ESCORTED INTO MY PRESENCE AS WOULD ANY OTHER DIGNITARY! FROM WHAT WE NOW KNOW IT IS USELESS TO TRY TO HARM THIS PERSON! WE WILL DO WHAT WE CAN!

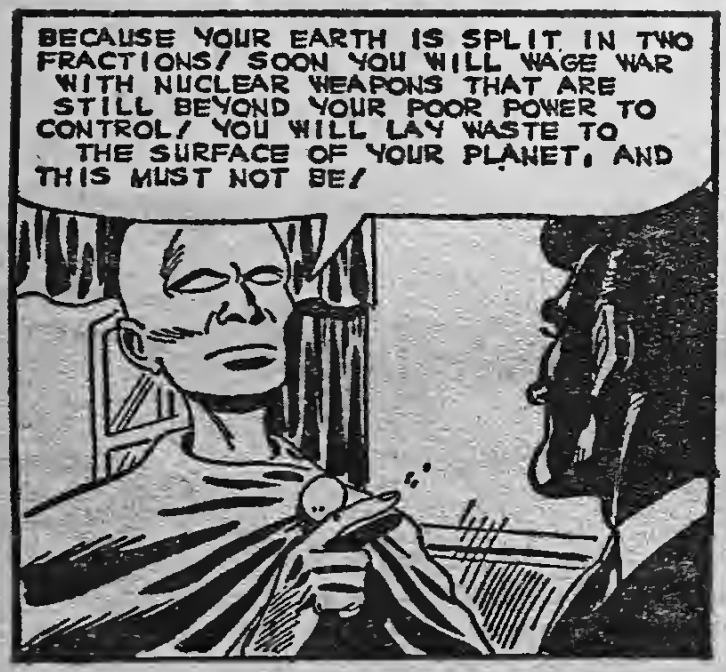
THE BEING THAT EMERGED FROM THE SHIP WAS CERTAINLY NOT OF THIS EARTH, EVEN THOUGH HUMANOID!

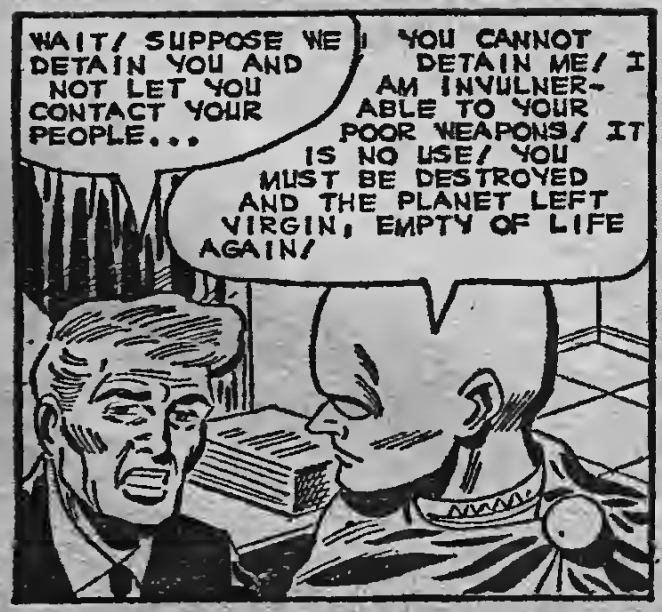
THERE WERE THOSE IN THE PLATOONS OF ARMED MEN AND GUARDS WHO WOULD HAVE PANICED INTO SHOOTING! BUT THE ALIEN'S EYES SWEPT AROUND, AND THEY BECAME IMMOBILE!

THE BEING WAS IMMEDIATELY USHERED INTO THE PRESENCE OF THE PRESIDENT!
WELCOME TO EARTH!
A STRANGE WELCOME, WITH WEAPONS AND THE DESIRE TO ANNIHILATE!

YOUR MINDS CLAMOR A QUESTION! IT IS, "WHAT DO YOU WANT? WHERE HAVE YOU COME FROM?" I HAVE COME FROM A FAR PLANET BEYOND YOUR GALAXY, ONE YOU ARE NOT EVEN AWARE EXISTS!


I HAVE COME FROM A CIVILIZATION THOUSANDS OF YEARS BEYOND YOURS IN ADVANCEMENT! WE SPEAK WITH THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE, WE USE LEVITATION AND TELEPORTATION, AS YOU USE COMMON TOOLS OF CARPENTRY! FROM YOUR MINDS I GRASP ALL THAT IS OF THIS PLANET, YOUR EARTH, AN AND OF THE MAKE-UP OF MAN!.






HE STALKED TOWARD HIS SHIP, PAUSED AT AT THE DOOR FOR A LAST WORD/

THEY STOOD IN STUNNED SILENCE AS THE SAUCER GLIDED UPWARD AND IN SECONDS VANISHED IN THE VAST MAW OF SPACE/

MR. PRESIDENT, THE TELEPHONE LINES, THE VISA-LINES ARE JAMMED WITH CALLS FROM EVERY COUNTRY IN THE WORLD... EVEN OUR ENEMIES BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN/

THEN CAME DETERMINATION, THE DOGGED WILL TO FIGHT THAT LURKS IN THE BREAST OF EVERY MAN/

I WANT TO HOLD A MEETING WITH REPRESENTATIVES OF EVERY POWER... ENEMY OR NOT/ THIS IS NO TIME FOR US TO QUARREL AMONGST OURSELVES/ WE MUST ALL JOIN TO SAVE MANKIND, OUR CHILDREN, OUR FUTURE/

AND THEY MET, THE ENEMIES, AND THEY SPOKE, AND THEY WERE NO LONGER ENEMIES AS THEY UNITED IN A COMMON CAUSE... TO A SAVE MANKIND/

AND, AT THAT VERY MOMENT, ON A FAR STAR...

YOUR MISSION HAS BEEN ACCOMPLISHED?

YES, EARTH MAN WOULD HAVE DESTROYED HIS RACE AND HIS PLANET/ AS THE GALACTIC COUNCIL AGREED, MAN IS TOO VALUABLE TO WASTE/ SOMEDAY HE WILL BE A VALUABLE CITIZEN OF SPACE/

I ARRANGED IT SO THAT THEY WILL FORGET ENMITY AND UNITE AGAINST A COMMON THREAT/ THEY WILL SPEND THE NEXT FEW HUNDRED YEARS IN HARMONY, BANDED TOGETHER AGAINST ATTACK FROM THE SKIES/

DUE TO CLOSE CONTACT, A COMMON CAUSE, EVOLUTION AND MUTATAION, THEY WILL LOSE THE SAVAGE DESIRE TO HARM EACH OTHER, AND THEN... THEY WILL BE FIT TO JOIN US IN SPACE AND REACH THEIR GOLDEN AGE/

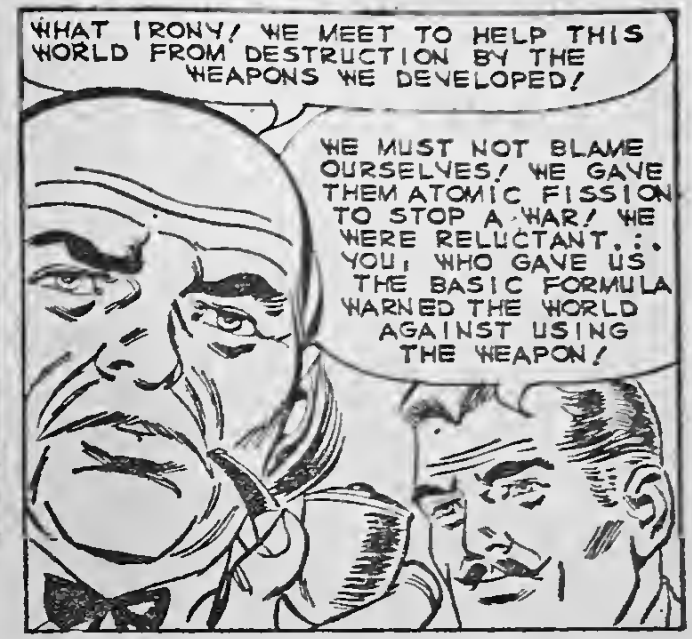
END

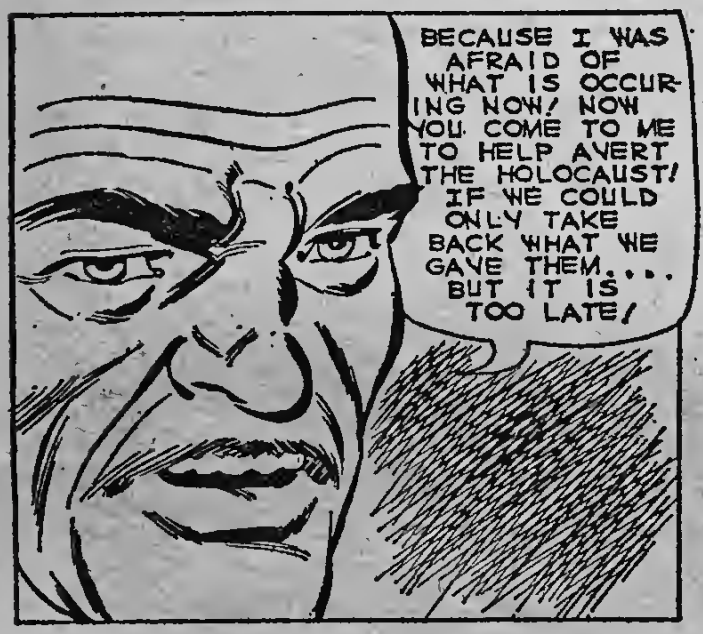
# MENACE FROM BEYOND

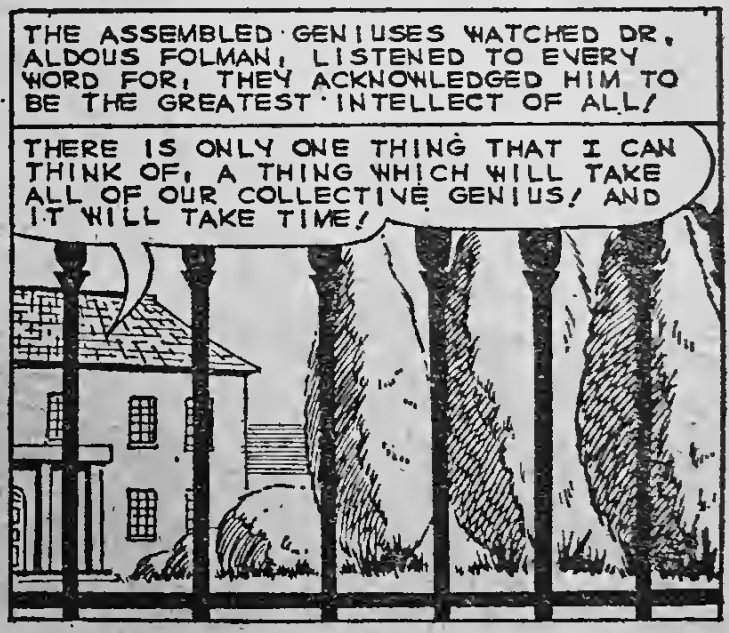
A LITTLE OLD MAN, RETIRED, SAT AMID THE LUXURIES OF HIS MANSION! HERE WAS QUIET AND SOLITUDE, BUT THE OLD EYES SAW NONE OF THIS, INSTEAD THEY LOOKED BEYOND TO A SEETHING WORLD ARMING AND BENT ON SELF DESTRUCTION! WAS THERE ANYTHING THAT COULD SAVE THIS EARTH... THIS WORLD OF HUMANS?

HIS BROW WAS FURROWED BY WORRIED THOUGHTS...HE SHOOK HIS BALDING HEAD WHICH CONTAINED THE GREATEST BRAIN IN THE WORLD!

I KNOW WHY YOU ARE HERE! ONLY ONE THING COULD BRING TOGETHER THE FINEST SCIENTIFIC BRAINS IN THE UNIVERSE!
YES, DOCTOR, ONLY ONE THING...THE CATASTROPHE WHICH THREATENS THE UNIVERSE!


WHAT IRONY! WE MEET TO HELP THIS WORLD FROM DESTRUCTION BY THE WEAPONS WE DEVELOPED!
WE MUST NOT BLAME OURSELVES! WE GAVE THEM ATOMIC FISSION TO STOP A WAR! WE WERE RELUCTANT... YOU, WHO GAVE US THE BASIC FORMULA WARNED THE WORLD AGAINST USING THE WEAPON!


BECAUSE I WAS AFRAID OF WHAT IS OCCURING NOW! NOW YOU COME TO ME TO HELP AVERT THE HOLOCAUST! IF WE COULD ONLY TAKE BACK WHAT WE GAVE THEM.... BUT IT IS TOO LATE!


THE ASSEMBLED GENIUSES WATCHED DR. ALDOUS FOLMAN, LISTENED TO EVERY WORD FOR, THEY ACKNOWLEDGED HIM TO BE THE GREATEST INTELLECT OF ALL!
THERE IS ONLY ONE THING THAT I CAN THINK OF, A THING WHICH WILL TAKE ALL OF OUR COLLECTIVE GENIUS! AND IT WILL TAKE TIME!

BUT WILL THE WORLD WAIT...WILL THE GREAT NATIONS GIVE US THE TIME WE NEED?
THEY MUST!

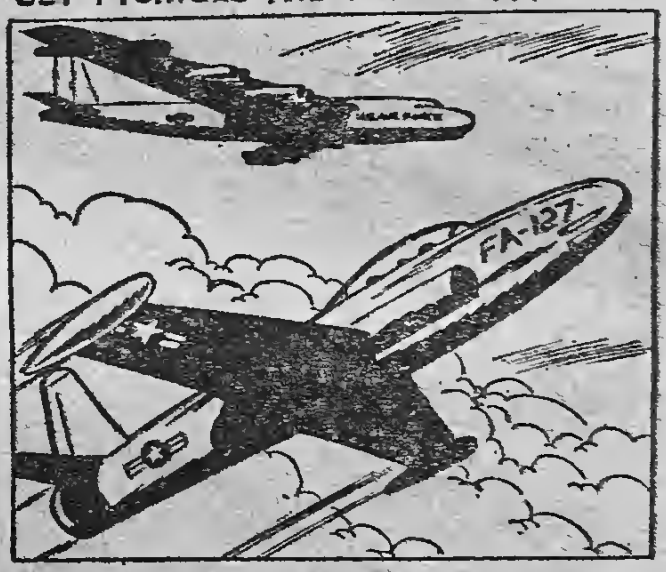
YES, BERLITZ, THEY MUST! FOR MANKIND MUST NOT DESTROY ITSELF, IT MUST GO ON TO THE GOLDEN AGE WE HAVE MADE POSSIBLE! GENTLEMEN, LET US BEGIN OUR WORK!

MEANWHILE, BEHIND A FACADE OF POLITENESS, THE COLD WAR WENT ON IN DIPLOMATIC CIRCLES!

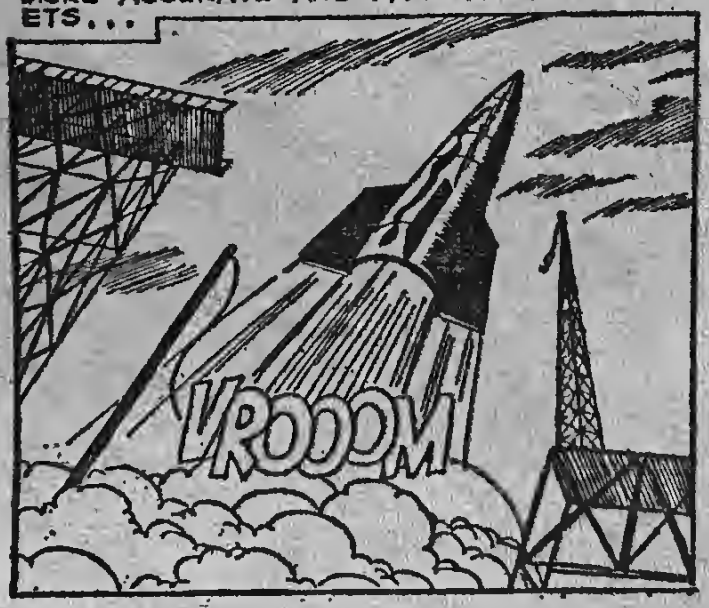
AND IN VARIOUS SMALL CORNERS OF THE EARTH, REAL HOT WAR FLAMED!

RIOTS AND UNREST WERE CANCERS ON THE WORLD!

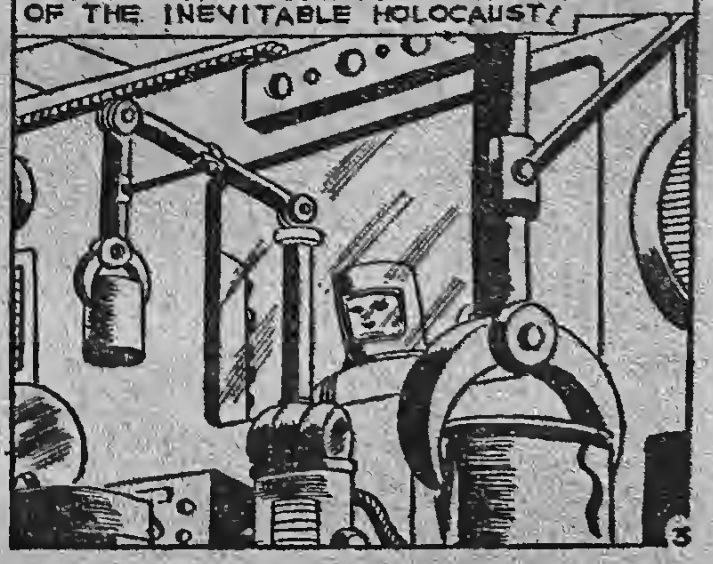
AND THE GREAT NATIONS BUILT MORE JET FIGHTERS AND BOMBERS...




MORE ACCURATE AND FAR-RANGING ROCKETS...




AND...ATOMIC BOMBS AND WEAPONS OF ALL KINDS! STOCKPILING DEATH! NOT HEEDING THE SCIENTISTS WHO WARNED OF THE INEVITABLE HOLOCAUST!



INTELLIGENT MEN SAW THE HAND-WRITING ON THE WALL...BUT WERE POWERLESS TO STOP THE RUSH TOWARD EXTINCTION!

AND I TELL YOU THERE CAN BE BUT ONE END TO THIS ARMS RACE! WAR, GENTLEMEN! ATOMIC WAR!

JUST WHEN THE PEAK HAD BEEN REACHED, WHEN MARS WAS STRAINING AT THE LEASH...THE THREE DAYS OF TERROR BEGAN! IT STARTED WITH A SIMPLE REPORT FROM AN ARMY RADAR OPERATOR!

UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECT...ON THE RADAR SCOPE!

IT SPED ACROSS THE EARTH AND WAS PICKED UP BY THE RADAR SCREENS OF EVERY NATION! GLOWING, MENACING...A FLYING SAUCER!

MANKIND FORGOT EVERYTHING ELSE WHILE IT WATCHED THE UNKNOWN! WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED THE SAUCER CAME CLOSE TO EARTH!

MEN OF EARTH, HEAR THIS! IF YOU WILL SURRENDER PEACEFULLY YOU WILL NOT BE HARMED, MERELY ENSLAVED! IF YOU REFUSE WE WILL BLAST THIS PLANET TO EXTINCTION!

THE THREAT HAD BEEN MADE! FORGETTING THEIR DIFFERENCES IN THIS COMMON PERIL GENERALS OF ALL NATIONS MET IN WAR COUNCIL!

DECISIONS WERE MADE AND A FLEET OF FIGHTING SHIPS OF MANY FLAGS ATTACKED THE SAUCER!

THEY HAVE A RAY...IT CUTS OUT OUR JETS! WE CAN NOT GET NEAR IT!

THE JETS WERE RECALLED! ROCKETS WITH ATOMIC WAR-HEADS WERE HURLED AT THE SAUCER! BUT THEY WERE EXPLODED BY SOME STRANGE RAY BEFORE THEY REACHED THE TARGET!

BLAM

FA 632

WHAM

MANKIND EXHAUSTED EVERY WEAPON KNOWN BUT THE ALIEN SHIP REMAINED UNTOUCHED! THEN, THE VOICE FROM THE SHIP WAS HEARD AGAIN!

PUNY FOOLS! YOU CANNOT HARM US! WE WARNED YOU! WE LEAVE NOW BUT...WE WILL RETURN WITH A FLEET OF WAR SHIPS AND YOUR PLANET SHALL BE OURS!

THE SAUCER DISAPPEARED INTO SPACE! ON EARTH ALL NATIONS, STOOD SHOULDER TO SHOULDER DETERMINED TO SAVE THEIR PLANET AND THEIR CIVILIZATION!

WE CAN NO LONGER BICKER AMONGST OURSELVES! WE MUST UNITE, NATION WITH NATION, TO FACE THIS DANGER!

HOORAY! HEAR! HEAR! BRAVO!

THAT NIGHT, UNSEEN BY ANYONE, THE SAUCER DESCENDED TO EARTH, TO THE ISOLATED GROUNDS OF THE FOLMAN ESTATE! THE DOORS OPENED AND STRANGELY CLAD MEN APPEARED!

GENTLEMEN, IT HAS WORKED! FOR GENERATIONS MANKIND WILL BAND TOGETHER TO FIGHT WHAT THEY THINK WILL BE INVASION FROM OUTER SPACE! WE MUST DESTROY THIS SHIP IMMEDIATELY!

IT WAS A BRILLIANT IDEA, DOCTOR! WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THESE SCIENTIFIC MIRACLES WE DEVELOPED, THE RAYS AND...

GRADUALLY WE WILL GIVE THEM TO OUR FELLOW MEN SO THEY WILL HAVE MORE CONFIDENCE IN FACING THE MENACE FROM SPACE...THE MENACE THAT NEVER EXISTED!

END

# A VISIT FROM MR. KON F. DENCE

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, MR. HENDERSON? I KNOW YOU'RE NOT YELLOW BECAUSE YOU'RE THE SON OF BIG BILL HENDERSON! HOW ARE YOU GOING TO BOSS PEOPLE IF YOU HAVEN'T CONFIDENCE IN YOURSELF?

I'M NOT REALLY SCARED, MIKE! GUESS I JUST DON'T HAVE ANY CONFIDENCE IN MYSELF! I WASN'T CUT OUT TO BE A LEADER OF MEN!

IF YOU COULD ONLY HEAR ME-- YOU NEED MY HELP!

CLIFF HENDERSON LACKED ONLY ONE THING IN THIS WORLD--CONFIDENCE IN HIMSELF! WITHOUT IT HE WAS DOOMED TO BE A FAILURE! BUT SOMETHING UNEXPECTED HAPPENED TO HIM...

BIG BILL HENDERSON COULD NO LONGER DIRECT THE WORLD-WIDE ENTERPRISE HE HAD BUILT UP...

IT'S UP TO YOU TO CARRY ON THE HENDERSON CONSTRUCTION COMPANY, SON! IT'S A JOB FOR A MAN WITH GUTS AND CONFIDENCE!

I WILL DO MY BEST TO CARRY ON THE FAMILY TRADITION, DAD!

BUT LIFE REQUIRES YOU TO MAKE DECISIONS, AND TO DO THAT, YOU MUST HAVE CONFIDENCE...

THE ONLY THING WRONG WITH YOU, CLIFF, IS THAT YOU LACK CONFIDENCE IN YOURSELF! YOU'RE EVEN AFRAID TO DRIVE IN HEAVY TRAFFIC!

JANE, IF I COULD ONLY GO THROUGH LIFE WITHOUT THESE RESPONSIBILITIES THEN EVERYTHING WOULD BE FINE!

AT THE CLUB 17, AN EVENT STARTS TO OCCUR THAT WILL CHANGE CLIFF'S LIFE...

THERE'S A COUPLE SEATED AT THE TABLE WE RESERVED! THEY HAVE NO RIGHT TO BE THERE!

I'LL ASK THE MAN TO LEAVE! THE NERVE OF HIM!

I TOOK THIS TABLE BECAUSE I LIKE IT! COULDN'T SEE THE FLOOR SHOW WHERE I WAS SEATED! WANT TO MAKE SOMETHING OUT OF IT?

NEVER MIND, GUESS WE CAN GET ANOTHER TABLE!

AT LEAST YOU COULD HAVE CALLED THE HEAD WAITER! I'M NOT GOING TO MARRY A SPINELESS JELLYFISH GOOD NIGHT, MR. HENDERSON!

BUT JANE, PLEASE LISTEN TO ME...

COLUMNIST WALTER WISHWELL HAD AN EYE AND AN EAR FOR THE LATEST NEWS FOR HIS COLUMN...

I CERTAINLY DESERVE AT LEAST TEN DOLLARS FOR THAT BIT OF INFORMATION ABOUT CLIFF HENDERSON!

YOU EARNED IT, PIERRE! IT GOES INTO MY COLUMN TOMORROW!

THE NEXT MORNING...

JANE, CLIFF TOLD ME WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT, AND I READ ABOUT IT IN WISHWELL'S COLUMN THIS MORNING! COULDN'T YOU GIVE HIM ANOTHER CHANCE?

NOT UNLESS HE GIVES HIMSELF ANOTHER CHANCE! CONFIDENCE IS SOMETHING YOU CAN'T GIVE TO A PERSON! HE MUST FIND IT BY HIMSELF!

BOSS MIKE KANE HAD ORDERS TO TRY TO MAKE A REAL MAN OUT OF CLIFF...

DO I HAVE TO GO UP THERE, MIKE? WHY CAN'T I STAY IN THE OFFICE?

YOUR FATHER WANTS YOU TO BE TOP MAN-- SO YOU COME UP TO THE TOP WITH ME!

CONS

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, HENDERSON? HOW ARE YOU GOING TO BOSS PEOPLE IF YOU HAVEN'T CONFIDENCE IN YOURSELF?
I WANT TO GET OUT OF HERE, MIKE! SOMETHING IS WRONG INSIDE OF ME! I'M GOING HOME TO BED!
IF YOU COULD ONLY HEAR ME! YOU NEED MY HELP!

I'M ALL WASHED UP! BEST THING FOR ME TO DO IS TO LEAVE HOME! I JUST WASN'T MEANT FOR THE BIG THINGS OF LIFE!
SINCE YOU CAN'T VERY WELL SEE ME THEN I WILL HAVE TO MATERIALIZE!

WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? WHY DO YOU LOOK LIKE ME?
STOP ASKING ALL THOSE FOOLISH QUESTIONS! I'M BOSS NOW! GET DRESSED AND COME WITH ME!

AND OF COURSE CLIFF OBEYED! THE LITTLE FIGURE WAS VISIBLE ONLY TO CLIFF--NO ONE ELSE KNEW HE WAS THERE... OR EVEN HEARD HIM...
THAT GIRL IS GOING TO BE KILLED BY THAT CAR! IT'S UP TO YOU TO SAVE HER!
THE GIRL DOESN'T SEE THE CAR... AND THAT FOOL DRIVER IS DOING SIXTY!

IN THE EMERGENCY, CLIFF HAD SUPREME CONFIDENCE IN HIMSELF...
WHY, THAT WAS CLIFF HENDERSON! HE JUST SAVED THAT GIRL!
THAT WAS WONDERFUL!

WHY, HE JUST WALKED AWAY WITHOUT EVEN BEING THANKED FOR WHAT HE DID!
THAT NICE MAN SAVED MY LIFE! BUT WHERE IS MY BALL? WILL YOU PLEASE FIND IT FOR ME?

THAT MAN IS GOING TO FALL OFF THAT PIER IN JUST ONE SECOND! IT'S UP TO YOU TO SAVE HIM!
SOMETHING IS HAPPENING TO ME! I CAN'T EXPLAIN IT RIGHT NOW! I'LL SAVE HIM!

HELP! I'M DROWNING! SAVE ME!
I'LL GET YOU IN A SECOND!
ALL BY HIMSELF CLIFF IS DOING WONDERFUL THINGS! SOMETHING STRANGE MAKES ME FOLLOW HIM!

WHERE DID THE FELLOW WHO SAVED THIS MAN GO? THAT WAS A WONDERFUL RESCUE!
I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED IT UNLESS I HAD SEEN IT WITH MY OWN EYES!
POLICE EMERGENCY SQUAD

THE SUPREME TEST IS IN STORE FOR CLIFF! WILL HE BE ABLE TO MEET IT?
WHY ARE WE COMING HERE? I THINK I HAD ENOUGH FOR ONE DAY--TWO RESCUES!
SOMETHING IS GOING TO HAPPEN! BUT FROM NOW ON YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN! I WILL HAVE TO LEAVE YOU! HOPE I HAVE HELPED YOU!
WORKERS' ELEVATOR

I'M GLAD YOU CAME BACK, MR. HENDERSON! I'M A BIT SORRY FOR THE WAY I TALKED TO YOU! CONFIDENCE SOMETIMES TAKES A LONG TIME TO GET!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME ANYMORE, MIKE-- I COULD WALK A BEAM BLINDFOLDED!

AND NOW COMES THE SUPREME TEST...
HELP! I'M SLIPPING! SAVE ME!
HOLD ON TO SOMETHING, MIKE! I'LL SAVE YOU!

IF YOU NEED HIM, THEN YOU MAY BE NEXT ON HIS CALLING LIST!

*THE END*

# HIGH TEMPERATURE



DOCTOR... PLEASE HELP MY DOLLY! SHE'S *BURNING UP!*

J. MASON M.D.

OFFICE HRS 9AM 5PM

THEY DON'T COME ANY BETTER THAN OLD DOC MASON! AND LIKE ALL GOOD M.D.'S, HE CURES FOLKS WITH GENTLE WORDS AND UNDERSTANDING, MORE OFTEN THAN WITH PILLS AND INJECTIONS! AND OVER-WORKED AS HE IS, DOC MASON ALWAYS HAS A FEW MINUTES TO SPARE FOR A TROUBLED LITTLE GIRL, EVEN ONE HE'S NEVER SEEN BEFORE...

NOT YET... HE'S STILL SMILING...
THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, DOLLY... I'M NOT GOING TO HURT YOU! NOW JUST LET ME PUT MY HAND ON YOUR FOREHEAD...

NOW...
THE FOREHEAD IS FLAMING HOT!

WITHOUT THINKING, HE REACHES FOR THE DOLL'S PULSE...
RAPID... IRREGULAR!

THEN...
THE TONGUE'S MADE OUT OF FELT... H-HOW COME IT'S COATED WITH WHITE?!

A COUGH...
DID YOU COUGH JUST NOW?
NO, DOCTOR! IT'S MY DOLLY! I TOLD YOU... SHE'S AWFUL SICK!

HAVE TO GET HOLD OF MYSELF! THINGS LIKE THIS JUST DON'T HAPPEN! HAVE TO FIND OUT WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!
H-HOW LONG HAS YOUR DOLL BEEN FEELING THIS WAY?
SINCE YESTERDAY! DID I BRING HER TOO LATE?

OF COURSE YOU DIDN'T...
TH-THE PULSE HAS STOPPED!

CAN'T BLAME DOC FOR GETTING SORT OF PANICKED -- CAN YOU ?
WHO ARE YOU ? WHERE DO YOU COME FROM ?

BUT THE SHOCK'S MADE HIS VOICE SOUND GRUFF AND ANGRY -- AND THE LITTLE GIRL STARTS TO CRY...
WAAA! WAAHH!
PLEASE, PLEASE STOP! I DIDN'T MEAN TO YELL!

TAKES A LONG TIME -- BUT HE MANAGES TO CALM HER DOWN...
YOU FEEL BETTER NOW, DON'T YOU ? BUT YOU'RE TIRED, AREN'T YOU ? NOW WHAT DO YOU SAY, YOU LIE DOWN ON THAT NICE SOFT COUCH... WHILE I MAKE A PHONE CALL!

DOC MASON'S HANDS ARE TREMBLING AS HE DIALS THE OPERATER...
THE POLICE! I WANT THE POLICE!

LITTLE GIRL...ABOUT NINE YEARS OLD... BRUNETTE... HMMM, LEMME SEE... HEY, WE HAVE A TRACER OUT ON THAT KID! SHE WAS REPORTED LOST YESTERDAY! HOLD HER THERE, DOC! I'LL CONTACT HER PARENTS AND THEY'LL PICK HER RIGHT UP!

A HALF-HOUR LATER...
MUMMY! DADDY!
MARGIE DARLING!
SHOULD I ASK ABOUT... THE DOLL ?

BUT DOC DOESN'T HAVE TO ASK... THE STORY SPILLS RIGHT OUT...
IT'S A MIRACLE, DOCTOR... MARGIE WAS TERRIBLY SICK! JUST YESTERDAY WAS HER WORST DAY! SHE WAS APPROACHING THE CRISIS...

"OUR DOCTOR TOLD US THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT TO BE DONE! WE JUST HAD TO WAIT AND PRAY...
SHE'S SO HOT... BURNING WITH FEVER... THINK MAYBE SHE'D BE MORE COMFORTABLE IF WE TOOK THAT DOLL AWAY FROM HER?

NO--MARGIE LOVES THAT DOLL! EVER SINCE SHE GOT SICK, SHE'S BEEN HOLDING IT SO TIGHT! W-WE BETTER GO OUT, DAVE... MAYBE IF SHE'S ALONE, SHE'LL GET SOME SLEEP!

...BUT WHEN WE CAME BACK TO THE ROOM, MARGIE WAS GONE! THE OPEN WINDOW TOLD US HOW SHE'D LEFT! WE'VE BEEN HALF-CRAZY EVER SINCE--THINKING OF HER OUT IN THE RAIN WITH THAT DOLL!

LOOK AT HER NOW, DOCTOR! MARGIE'S PASSED THE CRISIS... IT'S A MIRACLE... A MIRACLE!
N M.D.

THANKS FOR EVERYTHING, DOCTOR!
IT WAS NOTHING AT ALL! SO LONG, MARGIE! DROP IN AGAIN SOMETIME!

THEN...
TH-THEY LEFT THE DOLL BEHIND!

I ALMOST FORGOT ABOUT YOUR FEVER AND THE IRREGULAR PULSE AND YOUR COATED TONGUE! WHAT COULD HAVE BEEN BEHIND THOSE SYMPTOMS?

HMMM... I'VE KNOWN ENOUGH LITTLE GIRLS... MY OWN DAUGHTER AND GRANDDAUGHTER, AND THOSE I'VE TREATED WHEN THEY WERE SICK... TO KNOW HOW DEEPLY ATTACHED THEY CAN BECOME TO THEIR DOLLS...

"WELL, WHY CAN'T THE SAME FEELING FLOW THE OTHER WAY, TOO? FROM DOLL TO GIRL, AS WELL AS GIRL TO DOLL...
I LOVE YOU! I LOVE YOU!

"AND ONCE YOU'VE TAKEN THAT MIRACLE FOR GRANTED, WHY COULDN'T THE DOLL TRANSFER THE LITTLE GIRL'S SICKNESS TO ITSELF...
DON'T WORRY, MARGIE, YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT! I'LL GET SICK INSTEAD OF YOU... AND YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT!

HMPF -- I'VE BEEN DAY-DREAMING LIKE AN OLD FOOL! THIS IS JUST A DOLL -- NOTHING ELSE! I'LL THROW IT...

BUT THEN...
HMMM -- WHAT IF BY SOME CRAZY SLIM OUTSIDE CHANCE, THAT THEORY OF MINE WAS RIGHT? WHAT IF... AFTER ALL, NO ONE CAN TELL!

THAT NIGHT...
THEY DON'T COME ANY SWEETER THAN YOU, DAD! BUT, WHAT WILL YOUR GRAND-DAUGHTER WITH A MILLION TOYS DO WITH THAT OLD DOLL?
PLEASE, HON... LET HER KEEP IT! DON'T ASK ME TO TRY TO EXPLAIN... JUST LET HER KEEP IT!

THE END

# DREAM DOGS

It happened just a month short of the day that I was eligible to retire from the force. When I became a patrolman twenty-five years ago I guess I had the same dream shared by every rookie. To work and study hard and go up the ranks. Maybe to be Police Commissioner some day. Frank Cook started with me and now he was a Chief Inspector. And there was Jack Berlin. He studied law at night and was now a City Magistrate. What about myself?

Still a Patrolman, shield number 6932, and my name Louis Stone had never even had a single commendation. But the Captain at the 47th Precinct did regard me as a hard working faithful man. So I gathered the "rewards" of my effort. In the summer I was sent to the small one room Police Station on the boardwalk at Orlan Beach. In the winter I was a range officer at the Ringsbridge Armory where the rookies were trained on how to use their service gun.

It was October 10th and the last day for my Orlan Beach Tour which was on the 8 to 4 schedule. There was a little breeze and very few people walking on the boardwalk. A few fisherman were out on the stone jetty trying their luck with the flounders. Then this lady walked into the one room Police Station. I had just finished my last report. "Officer," she began. "Hurry at once to the south end. There's a man running dogs. He has five of them — most vicious creatures I have ever seen. Stop him at once."

Sure we got an ordinance about running dogs. Every now and then a hunter brings his pointer to the south end which borders the picnic grounds. He exercises the dog with a couple of commands. There's no harm done and unless you have an actual witness you can't prove he was running the dogs. So I locked the door and got into my car which was parked outside. It was too far to walk to the end of the boardwalk. So I drove there and parked the car at the end and then walked to where the woman said she saw the man and his dogs. It didn't take me more than a minute to spot him. He was a very old wrinkled up man and half bent over. He was sitting on a picnic bench. At his feet were five small dogs — every one just like the other. I knew something about dogs but couldn't recognize them.

"A woman complained you were running the dogs," I informed him.

"Running those dogs?" he laughed. "Man alive I can hardly walk myself. We were just playing and having some fun."

"It's illegal to run dogs," I continued.

"Officer I do my best to obey the law," he said. "I can prove it to you that my little dogs only play. Watch 'em."

He snapped his two fingers and the five dogs jumped up and formed a straight line.

"Susie", he said to one dog, "go up to the nice officer and say Hello to him."

The first dog got out of line came right up to me and then stood on her two hind legs. She gave me a big smile turned around, and went back into line.

"Bessie and Margie," he said to two other

The next two dogs get out of line and I watched one jump right over the other. Then they came up to me and took a bow.

"You ought to put them into a television act," I remarked. "Never saw anything like this before."

"One on top of the other and don't fall," he commanded. "We go home soon."

The dogs got on top of each other and they were perfectly balanced. Then he snapped his fingers and they jumped to the ground.

"Now say goodby to the nice man," he told them.

One by one they came up to me. Each dog offered one paw and I took it and shook it.

"O.K.," I grinned. "I'm convinced you didn't run those dogs. But just for my records who are you and where do you live?"

"Name is Samuel Johnson and I live on the third floor of a rooming house at 267 Barkley Avenue."

I wrote it down in my personal memo pad. Taking a dollar bill from my pocket I gave it to him.

"For some cans of dog food and tell them the treat is on me."

He spoke to them and they waved their tails at me. He went away and I drove back because it was about time to check in. And sure enough, Sergeant Wilkins was waiting for me in his car.

"Anything today?" he asked. "We told the the parkmen to put up the barriers after you leave. Don't want any cars parked here."

I went home and my wife Martha greeted me. Then she took another look at my face.

"Anything happen? You have a very strange look on your face."

"Nothing," I replied.

But then I told her about the dogs. I was quiet at the table and then went over to the TV set. It was still light outside.

"I can't tell you why I am going to go out for a little while, except that I am bothered. There's something about that man and his dogs. I want to check up on the address. No doubt it was a phoney."

"Can't it wait until morning?" she wanted to know.

I shook my head in the negative, then got my car and drove over to 267 Barkley Avenue. Years ago it had been the social section of the town with its brown stone three storied houses. Now it was a slum area with rooming houses that were overcrowded. There on the steps of the house I saw the man with his dog. A woman was yelling at him. I walked over and asked what was the matter.

"None of your business," she snarled.

I showed her my badge and her tune changed. She told me he was behind in his rent. He owed ten dollars. So I took out the money and gave it to her.

"I got an idea you are hungry," I remarked. "Go up and I'll be back in a few minutes with something for you to eat."

I found a grocery store that made up sandwiches. So I bought two thick ham and cheese combinations and brought them back to the house. I went to his apartment — the one room things they had there — and the landlady was waiting for me.

"I want to see the old man with the dogs. You know the one I gave you the money for a little while ago."

"What old man and what money are you talking about?" were her questions.

I had to show her my badge again to convince her I was sober. Something was wrong.

"I bought this place three years ago. I remember they said that there was a peculiar old man who lived here with his dogs. But he's dead and I guess the Dog Shelter people took the five little dogs."

It didn't make sense and I went downstairs. Somewhat dizzy, I decided to drive back home. I turned east on Simpson Street and then I spotted one of those dogs. Quickly I parked my car — a double park at that — and followed the dog. She turned around and made certain I was following. She went into a small alley and stopped before a door that was partly opened. I had to do some quick thinking. Simpson Street was behind Main Street. This was the bank building and there was a small light on. I went for my off-service revolver and found myself facing a .45 in the hands of a stout man.

"Just stay still or you'll be a corpse," was the warning. Then he called back to those inside. "Hurry out. We got unexpected company."

Three other men came out with bags and I didn't need a second guess to figure out what they were doing or had taken.

"Jimmy," said the man, "You got a silencer on your gun. Finish him off. He could identify me."

I saw what they never saw — five little dogs getting ready to jump.

Each picked out a man and then they hit their victims with force and fury. I hit the ground and starting shooting with my gun until it was empty. Something got me in the shoulder and then things went blank. When I opened my eyes I was in a big room resting in bed. My wife was at my side. She kissed me gently.

"You'll pull through," she reassured me. "You were on the operating table for three hours. In a few weeks you will be out of here and we'll go away for a two month rest. The Commissioner is outside." So in came the Top Brass and he told me the news. I was jumped three grades. Now I was a First Class Detective. Furthermore the City Council had passed a special regulation permitting me to take the reward money.

"Those men," I questioned. "What happened?" "You killed three of them and the fourth one told everything."

"How about the dogs?" I wanted to know.

"What dogs?" he asked.

I couldn't reply to something I still can't believe. It happened or it didn't happen. They were either real dogs — or dream dogs.

"He's so tired," I heard my wife say. "And I guess very happy. We'd better let him rest."

Sure, my wife was right and now you see why I am still on the force even though eligible to retire.

THE END

# THE GOOD MAN

WHEN A MAN HAS AN UNBLEMISHED RECORD IN CIVIC AFFAIRS, AND IS RUNNING FOR MAYOR, HE DOESN'T WANT TO BE ACCUSED OF HAVING HALLUCINATIONS! THAT WAS TOM HALEY'S PROBLEM WHEN THE FLYING SAUCER LANDED!

YES, THE CAMPAIGN HAD BEEN A VIGOROUS ONE AND TOM WAS A POPULAR CANDIDATE...

THE STRONG OPPOSITION PARTY WAS LED BY FRED MASON, THE PRESENT MAYOR WHO WAS RUNNING FOR RE-ELECTION..

FRED MASON AND HIS STRONG POLITICAL MACHINE HAD GRIPPED THE TOWN FOR YEARS...

IF ELECTED, I SHALL SEE THAT THE TOWN'S FUNDS ARE USED FOR GOOD...AND WE DO NEED A NEW HIGH SCHOOL!

HURRAY!

YES, TOM...WE NEED YOU AS MAYOR!

MAYOR

TOM FOR MAYOR

TOM WAS TIRED BUT HAPPILY TIRED... HE KNEW HE COULD DO A GOOD SERVICE TO THE COMMUNITY...

TOM FOR MAYOR

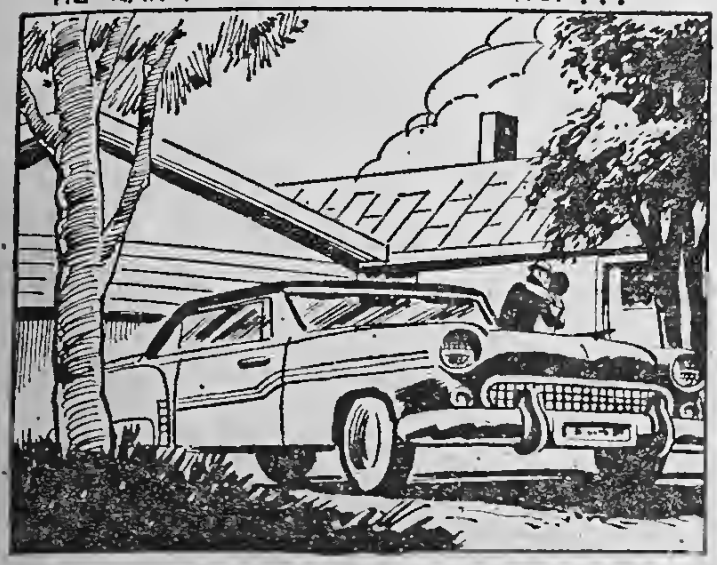
WHY DON'T YOU GO TO THE LAKE COTTAGE FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS? YOU LOOK EXHAUSTED, DEAR...

YOU'RE RIGHT, EVA... MY ARTHRITIS IN MY HANDS HAVE BEEN GIVING ME A LOT OF TROUBLE WITH ALL THAT HAND-SHAKING TOO...

YOU POOR DEAR...

I'LL GO RIGHT AWAY...AREN'T YOU COMING?

I'LL BE THERE THIS EVENING BUT I HAVE TO GET OUR DAUGHTER OFF TO COLLEGE...

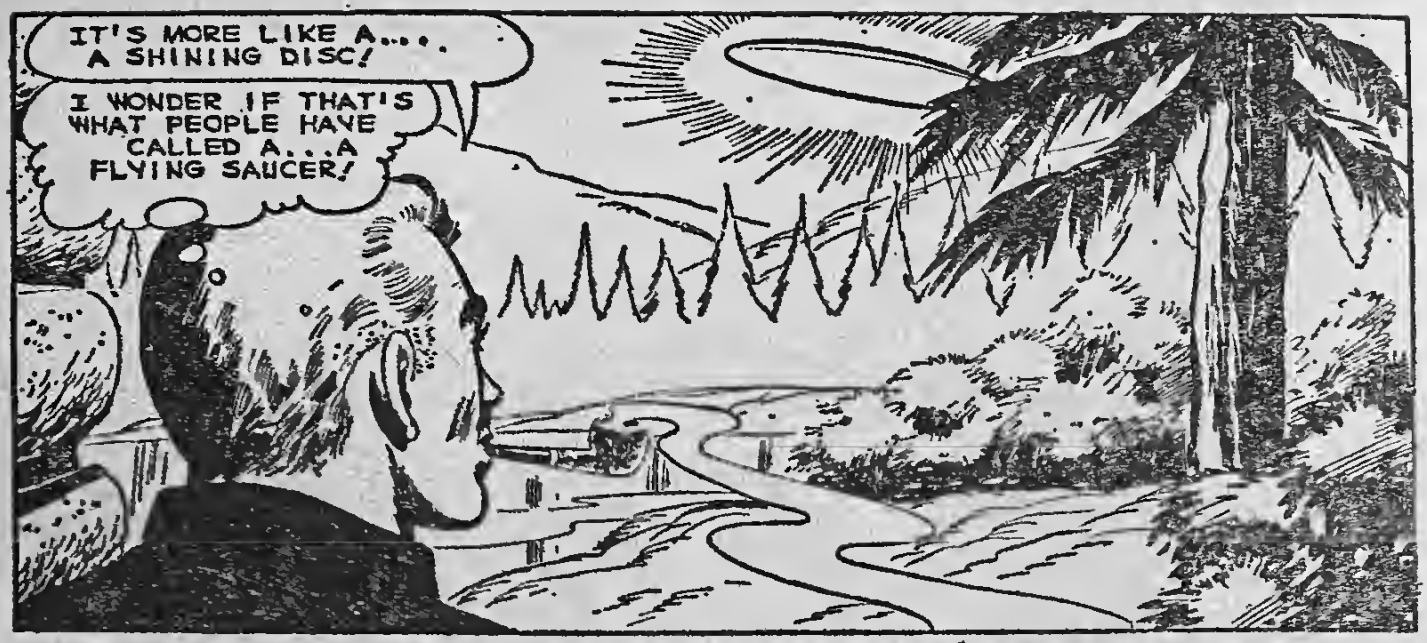

TOM CERTAINLY DESERVED SOME RELAXATION...BESIDES CAMPAIGNING, HE RAN A BUSY PRINTING SHOP...

I'LL HAVE OF COUPLE OF DAYS TO WRITE LETTERS AND THINK OUT HOW I CAN IMPROVE THE TOWN WITHOUT RAISING TAXES...

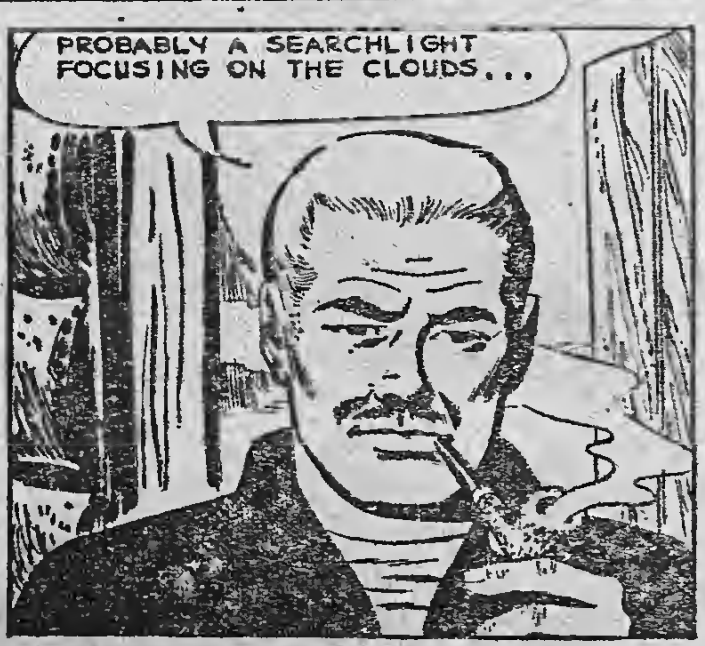
THIS IS THE LIFE! I WISH I COULD STAY OUT HERE MORE OFTEN...

I'LL WRITE SOME LETTERS OF THANKS TO MY WELL-WISHERS AND....

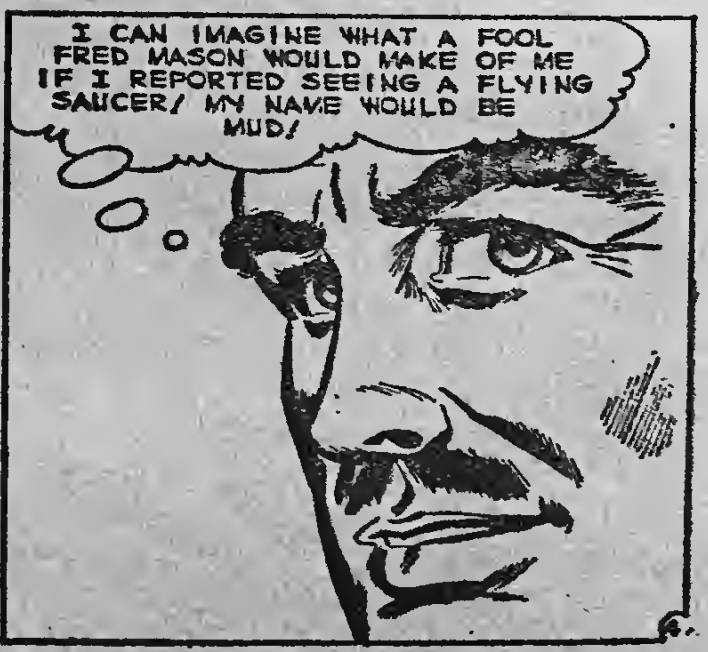
HMMM...WHAT'S THAT? A BLIMP?


IT'S MORE LIKE A.... A SHINING DISC!
I WONDER IF THAT'S WHAT PEOPLE HAVE CALLED A...A FLYING SAUCER!

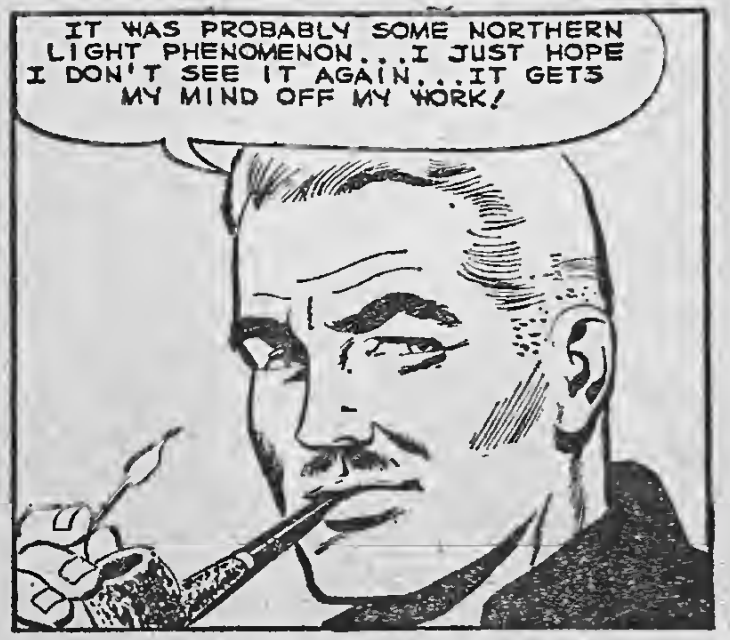
WHATEVER IT IS...IT'S GOING AWAY...


PROBABLY A SEARCHLIGHT FOCUSING ON THE CLOUDS...

BUT THERE AREN'T ANY CLOUDS...BESIDES IT'S BROAD DAYLIGHT!


I CAN IMAGINE WHAT A FOOL FRED MASON WOULD MAKE OF ME IF I REPORTED SEEING A FLYING SAUCER! MY NAME WOULD BE MUD!

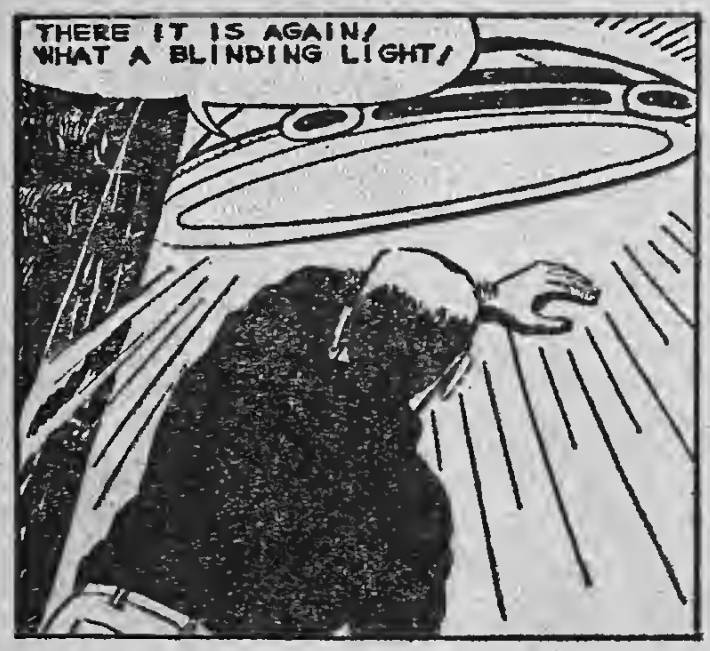
THE PEOPLE WOULD LOCK ME UP RATHER THAN MAKE ME MAYOR IF I GO BABBLING AROUND THAT I SAW A FLYING SAUCER!

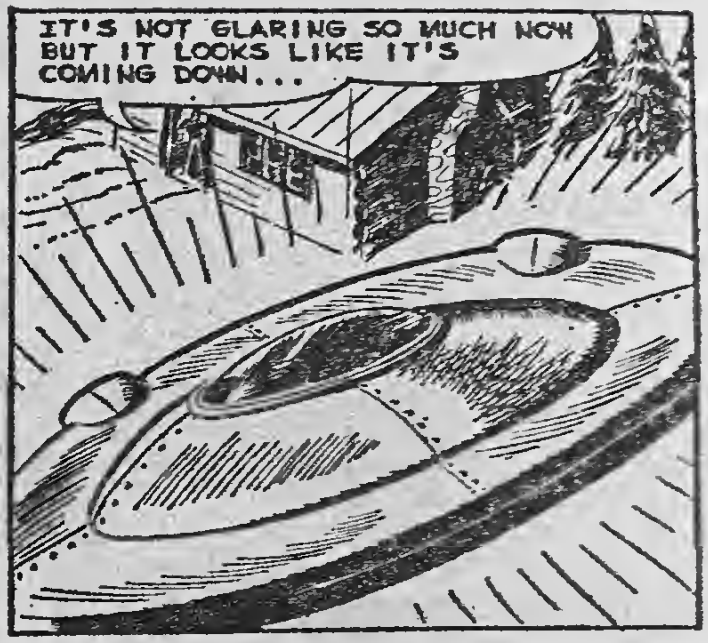

IT WAS PROBABLY SOME NORTHERN LIGHT PHENOMENON...I JUST HOPE I DON'T SEE IT AGAIN...IT GETS MY MIND OFF MY WORK!

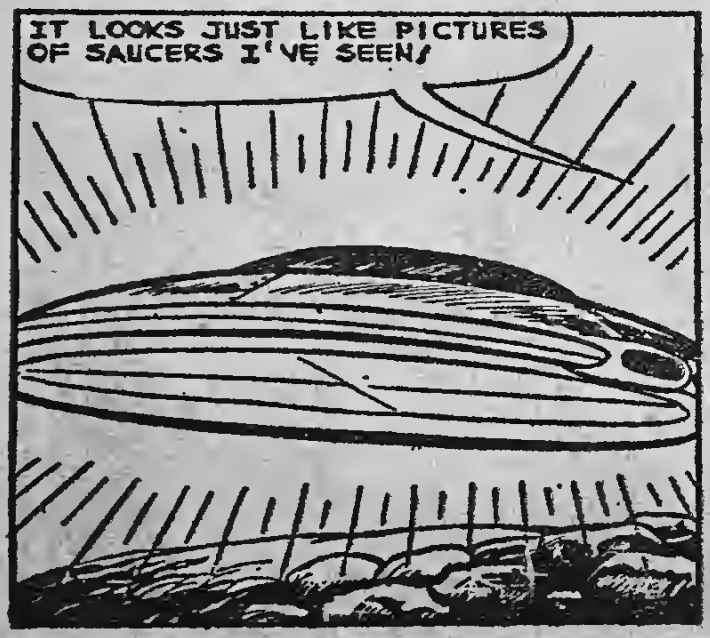
I'M SURE TIRED AFTER THOSE LETTERS...I'LL TAKE A NAP AND WAIT FOR EVA...

LATER...
I WONDER WHAT MYSTERIES THERE ARE IN THAT LIMITLESS SPACE ABOVE US...OTHER WORLDS...POSSIBLY OTHER PEOPLES..

SUDDENLY TOM BECAME AWARE OF A BRIGHT LIGHT POURING IN THROUGH THE WINDOW!
WH...WHAT'S THAT? A FIRE?


THERE IT IS AGAIN! WHAT A BLINDING LIGHT!

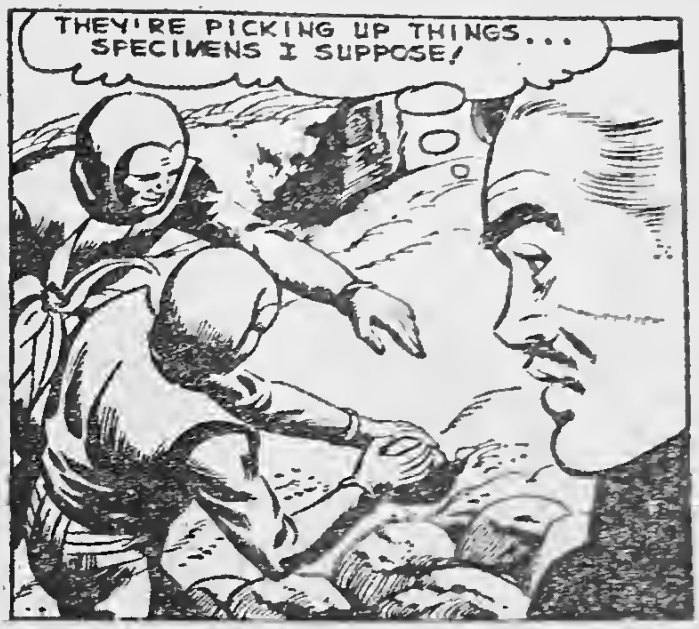

IT'S NOT GLARING SO MUCH NOW BUT IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S COMING DOWN...


IT LOOKS JUST LIKE PICTURES OF SAUCERS I'VE SEEN!

IT LANDED! I...I WISH I HAD A GUN! I'M SCARED!

THEY LOOK LIKE MEN! BUT THEY'RE SMALL...

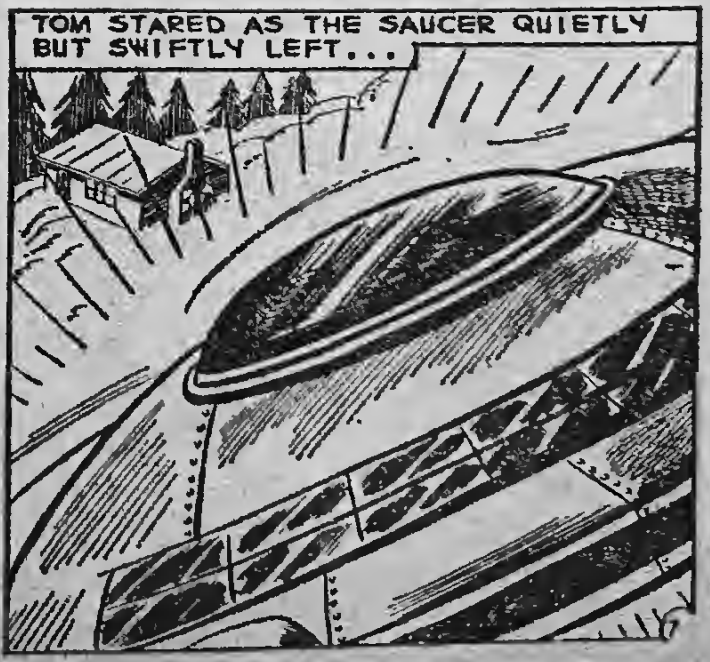
TOM WAS TRANSFIXED WITH ASTONISHMENT! HE STOOD STOCKSTILL AS THE MEN, AMIABLE IN APPEARANCE, CAME UP TOWARD HIM...


THEY'RE PICKING UP THINGS... SPECIMENS I SUPPOSE!

THEY'LL TRY TO TAKE ME NEXT... BUT I GUESS I CAN HANDLE THESE LITTLE GUYS!

THEN AS THEY POINTED AT TOM AND TALKED SOUNDLESSLY, ONE OF THEM CLASPED TOM'S HANDS...HE FELT AN EXHILARATING WARMTH...

ABRUPTLY THEY TURNED AND LEFT HIM!


TOM STARED AS THE SAUCER QUIETLY BUT SWIFTLY LEFT...

TOM WENT BACK INTO HIS CABIN, STUNNED BY HIS AMAZING EXPERIENCE!

I MUST LIE DOWN AND THINK THIS OUT...THIS IS TOO MUCH FOR ME...

A LITTLE LATER, TOM WAS AWAKENED FROM HIS NAP...

HEY, WAKE UP, LAZY BONES! YOUR COMMITTEEMAN, BOB WALTERS IS HERE TO TELL YOU YOU'RE AS GOOD AS ELECTED!

WHAT? ...OH, WHAT A DREAM I'VE HAD!

WHAT DID YOU DREAM, TOM?

UH...OH...NOTHING ...I GUESS IT WAS A DREAM...I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT SOMETIME...

YOU SEEM SO EXCITED ABOUT SOMETHING? IS IT THE ELECTION?

I...UH...GUESS SO!

IF I TELL THEM WHAT I SAW THEY'LL THINK I'M CRAZY!

DARLING! YOUR HANDS! THE SWELLING IS GONE!

YES, SO IS THE PAIN!

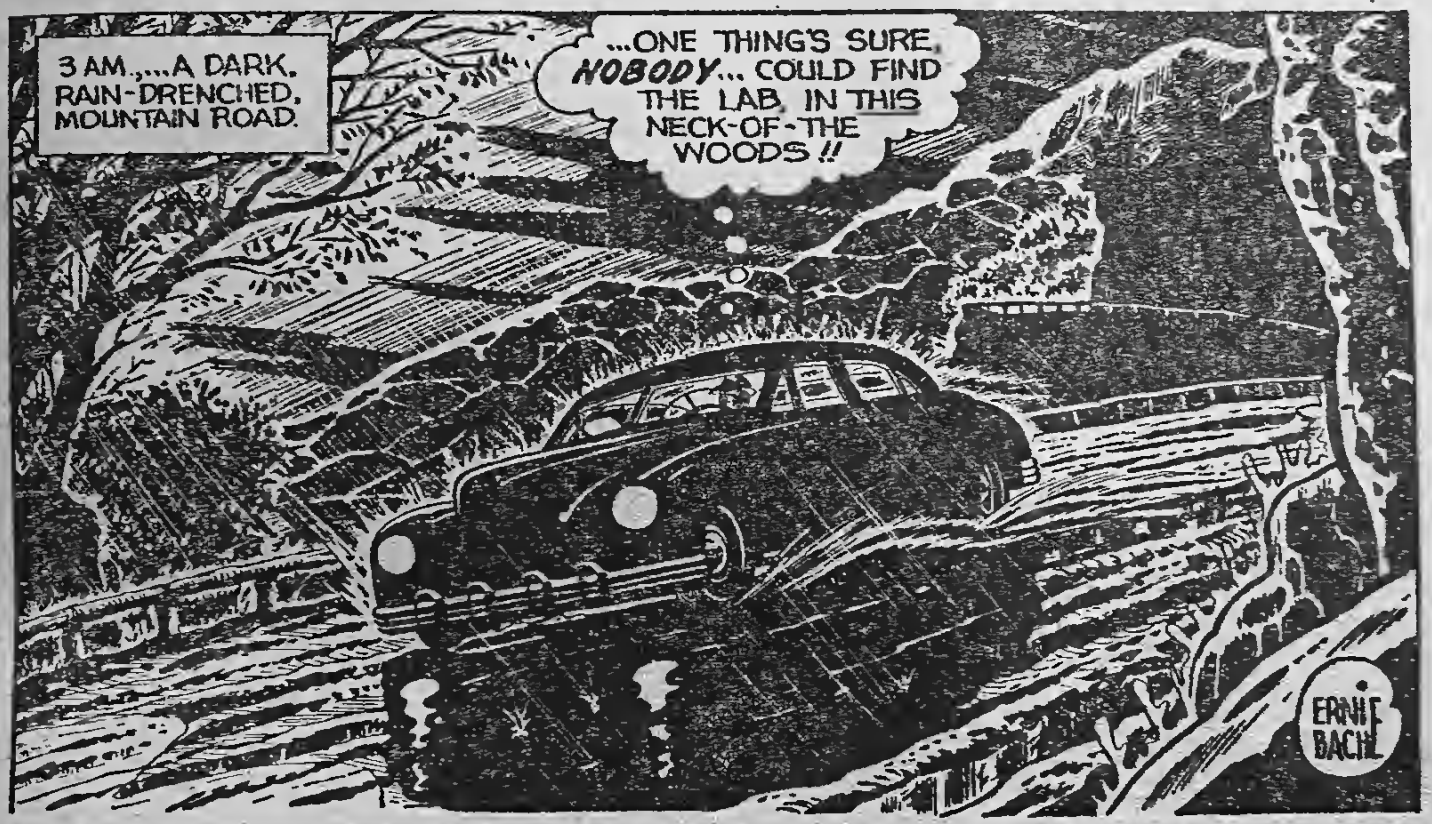
GEE, THAT'S WONDERFUL! WHAT HAPPENED? IT'S GONE LIKE MAGIC!

THEN IT REALLY HAPPENED...THERE IS SOMEBODY OUT THERE...SOMEBODY MARVELOUS AND PERFECT!

END

WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A BILLIONAIRE? WELL, SO WOULD BURT CARPE..., WHO JUST HAPPENS TO HAVE A FEW MILLION TO START WITH! BUT..., SUPPOSE YOU WERE A LEADING INDUSTRIALIST, LIKE BURT, ..AND HAD A MILLION TO INVEST..., JUST HOW.... WOULD *YOU* GO ABOUT MAKING A THOUSAND PERCENT PROFIT ON YOUR MONEY....?? INTERESTING? WELL THEN, LET'S SEE WHAT BURT DID... AND WHAT HAPPENED WHEN HE STUBBED HIS TOE ON....

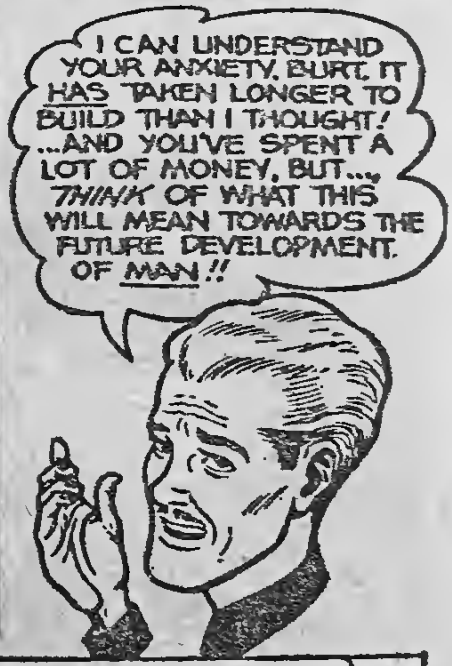
# THE LODESTONE

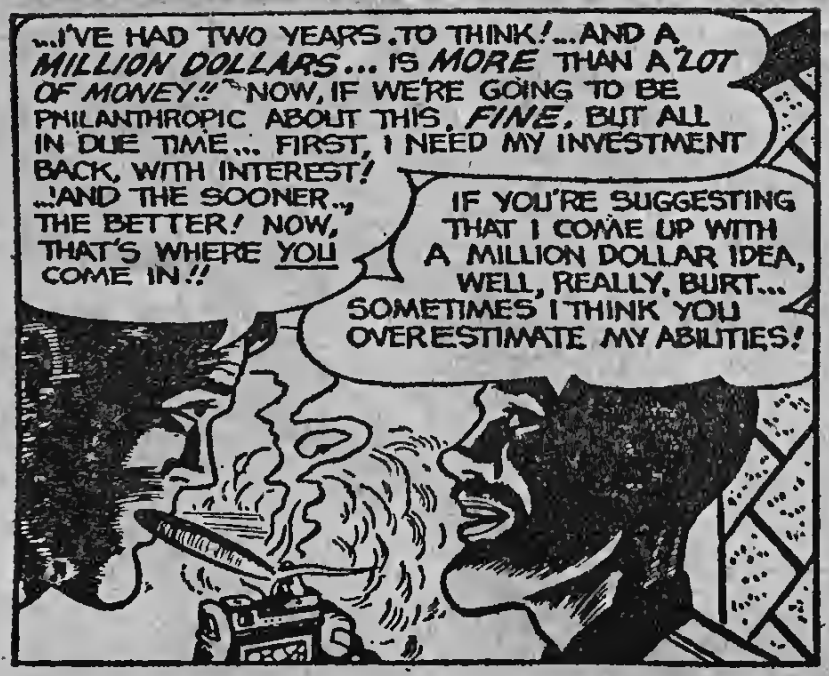


...I HOPE YOUR NEWS IS AS GOOD AS THIS COFFEE..!!
MUCH BETTER, BURT, I'VE GOT IT FINISHED!!

WELL, BLESS YOUR BONES..!! HOW DOES IT WORK?
I HAVEN'T TRIED IT YET, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN. COME ALONG, I'LL SHOW YOU!

THERE SHE IS, MY CYCLO-METRONOME, A REAL LIVE TIME-MACHINE!
...ALL I CAN SAY, IS... IT BETTER WORK!


I CAN UNDERSTAND YOUR ANXIETY, BURT. IT HAS TAKEN LONGER TO BUILD THAN I THOUGHT! ...AND YOU'VE SPENT A LOT OF MONEY, BUT..., THINK OF WHAT THIS WILL MEAN TOWARDS THE FUTURE DEVELOPMENT OF MAN!!


...I'VE HAD TWO YEARS TO THINK!...AND A MILLION DOLLARS... IS MORE THAN A LOT OF MONEY!! NOW, IF WE'RE GOING TO BE PHILANTHROPIC ABOUT THIS, FINE, BUT ALL IN DUE TIME... FIRST, I NEED MY INVESTMENT BACK, WITH INTEREST! ...AND THE SOONER.., THE BETTER! NOW, THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN!!
IF YOU'RE SUGGESTING THAT I COME UP WITH A MILLION DOLLAR IDEA, WELL, REALLY, BURT... SOMETIMES I THINK YOU OVERESTIMATE MY ABILITIES!

A SUCCESSFUL MAN, NEVER UNDERESTIMATES ANYONE! INCLUDING HIMSELF! IF WE HAVE THE KNOWHOW, TO BUILD THIS CYCLO-METRONOME, THEN WE'VE ALSO GOT THE KNOWHOW TO MAKE A MILLION BUCKS!

A FEW DAYS LATER.

THEY ENTER THE CYCLO-METRONOME. CALCULATES ARE MADE. DIALS ARE SET. AND HIDDEN GENERATORS START TO PURR....

HOW DOES A TIME-MACHINE WORK?? WELL, WHAT APPEARS TO BE TIME, IS, IN REALITY, ONLY A CONSTANT CHANGE OF THE POSITION OF PARTICLES, IN SPACE. THE CYCLO-METRONOME MERELY *RETRACES*, THE EARLIER POSITIONS OF ITS OWN PARTICLES.

BEFORE THE TIME-TRAVELERS, LAY AN AWESOME SCENE, EARTH, AS IT APPEARED, LONG BEFORE THE DAWN OF MODERN CIVILIZATION...

A FEW MILLION YEARS LATER...

A FEW HOURS LATER.

I THOUGHT THIS WAS GOING TO BE EASY.., BUT NOT *THIS EASY!!*

LET ME GET THIS AGAIN, YOU SAY, THAT WHEN THIS HUNK OF CARBON IS "COMPRESSED" TO OUR TIME-PERIOD, IT SHOULD CRYSTALIZE INTO A SOLID DIAMOND?

ACCORDING TO THEORY, YES! BY COMPRESSING ITS PARTICLES, IT WOULD AGE A FEW MILLION YEARS, IN A FEW SECONDS, CRYSTALIZING UNDER THE EXTREME COMPRESION!

HOW MUCH WOULD IT BE WORTH?

WELL.., WITH ANY LUCK AT ALL, AROUND *TWO BILLION DOLLARS!*

IF I DIDN'T KNOW YOU BETTER, I'D SWEAR YOU HAD ROCKS IN THE HEA... *HUH?*

*QUICK! THE CARBON.. ...INTO THE SHIP!!*

*WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT!!*

*GOOD GRIEF!! IT'S FULL OF ROCKS!!*

*I'LL STOP THEM!!*

FOR A BILLION DOLLARS, SOME MEN WILL *FIGHT* ALMOST *ANYTHING...!!!!*

THUD

SO YOU SEE, MAKING A BILLION DOLLARS ISN'T THAT HARD, JUST COMPLICATED..... ANYWAY, IF YOU HAPPEN TO BE LOOKING OUT OF YOUR WINDOW, SOME DAY, ..AND SPOT A COUPLE OF FELLOWS, IN THE YARD, WHO LOOK LIKE URANIUM PROSPECTORS... WELL, LOOK AGAIN!!...YOU NEVER CAN TELL... BESIDES, THEY MIGHT CUT YOU IN ON THE DEAL.....

FRED GALT, TRAVELING SALESMAN WHOSE LIFE WAS ONE LONG ROUND OF SMALL CITIES FROM BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA, TO BANGOR, MAINE, HAD FORGOTTEN ALL THE BRIGHT DREAMS OF YOUTH... FRED WAS A TIRED MAN WITH CHRONIC DYSPEPSIA, FLATTENING FEET, AND A JAUNDICED OUTLOOK ON WHAT HAD BECOME A MISERABLE EXISTENCE WITH ONLY MORE MISERY, COUNTLESS BAD MEALS, AND A LONELY OLD AGE TO LOOK FORWARD TO/ YES, FRED WAS AN UNHAPPY MAN... UNTIL HE SWUNG OFF THE SECONDARY HIGHWAY OUTSIDE ONE OF THE DREARY LITTLE TOWNS AND STOPPED AT A MOTEL... WHERE HIS MISERY ENDED FOR A LITTLE WHILE... HE REGAINED HIS YOUTHFUL HOPES AND DREAMS... IN CABIN 7!

# CABIN 7

A-1319

FRED GALT HAD BEEN YOUNG ONCE...IN FACT, A SOLDIER WITH SECRET DREAMS THAT HE'D WIN A BATTLE OR MAYBE EVEN A WAR!
TAKKA-TAKKA

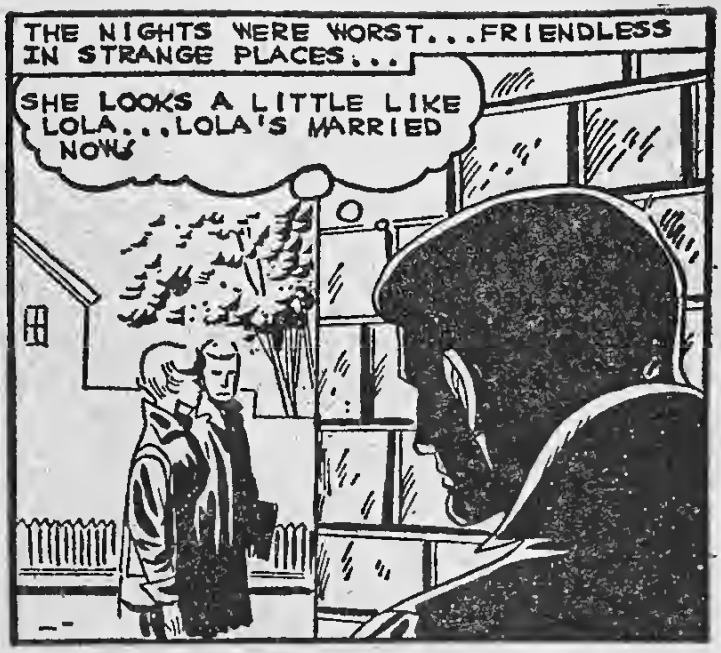
BUT IT WAS NOT TO BE! POOR FRED WASN'T A HERO IN KOREA...HE SPENT HIS HITCH AS A PFC IN A SUPPLY DEPOT!
HURRY IT UP, GOOF-OFF! THE MESS-SERGEANT GOT SOME GARBAGE CANS HE WANTS CLEANED!

DREAMS? YES, FRED HAD HIS DREAMS...AND, ONE BY ONE, THEY VANISHED...
BETTER FIND ANOTHER GIRL, SONNY...LOLA'S MY DATE NOW!

HE HAD HOPES FOR SUCCESS IN BUSINESS BUT...
ADVERTISING'S NOT YOUR GAME, GALT! MAYBE YOU'D BETTER FIND SOMETHING YOU'RE BETTER AT...

...LIKE WORKING ON A GARBAGE TRUCK OR DIGGING DITCHES!

BUT THE FRED GALTS OF THIS WORLD ARE TOUGH...THEY SURVIVE! AND FRED FOUND HIS NICHE TRAVELING FOR A WHOLESALE GROCER WORKING ENDLESS HOURS TO EKE OUT A MEAGRE LIVING!
FLAKE


THE NIGHTS WERE WORST...FRIENDLESS IN STRANGE PLACES...
SHE LOOKS A LITTLE LIKE LOLA...LOLA'S MARRIED NOW!

SO THE LONELY YEARS PASSED, FRED GOT OLDER AND AGED FASTER THAN THE PASSAGE OF TIME WARRANTED...
I'M DEAD-TIRED! I'VE NEVER STOPPED HERE--IT'S PROBABLY CRUMMY BUT I'VE GOT TO SLEEP SOMEWHERE!
SMALLVILLE MOTOR COURT

YOU'LL LIKE THIS ONE, MR. GALT! IT'S THE LAST ONE WE GOT OR YOU WOULDN'T BE GIVEN IT--I USUALLY LIKE SLEEPIN' IN HERE MYSELF!
CABIN 7

THIS SHOULD BE ONE OF THE LOW POINTS OF MY LIFE--AND I'VE HAD PLENTY! BED'S HARD AS A ROCK!

IT WAS HARD--AND LUMPY--BUT FRED WAS TIRED...
I'LL LEAVE HERE AT SUN-UP--IF I LIVE THAT LONG!

THE TIRED MAN WENT TO SLEEP...HAVING HIS LITTLE, MEANINGLESS DREAMS...NOT REALLY ESCAPING THE MISERY THAT WAS HIS DAILY PORTION!

THEN THE LINES OF WORRY EASED AWAY...FRED GALT'S MISERY WAS ABATING...HE WAS BECOMING, FOR THIS BRIEF MOMENT IN TIME, A HAPPY MAN!

FREDERICK! FREDERICK, WAIT FOR ME...

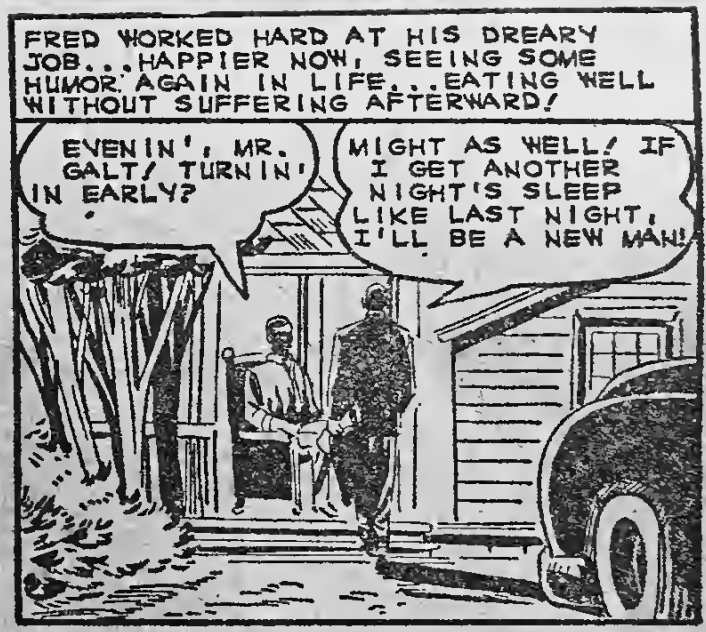
I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU, DARLING...SO LONG!

FRED, IN A STILL WAKEFULL PART OF HIS BRAIN, KNEW IT WAS A DREAM... BUT IT WAS REAL, SO REAL! AND THE GIRL IN HIS ARMS WAS SO LOVELY!
YOU'RE LOVELY... IF ONLY YOU WERE REAL!
I AM, DARLING... YOU'LL SEE!

OH, YES, FRED GALT WAS AN INSOMNIAC TOO...HIS NIGHTS, BROKEN WITH PERIODS OF WAKEFULLNESS...BUT THAT NIGHT, HE SLEPT LIKE A LOG!

I FEEL TEN YEARS YOUNGER! WHAT A WONDERFUL SLEEP!

SLEEP WELL, MR. GALT?
LIKE A TOP! SAY, I BELIEVE I'LL STAY HERE TONIGHT TOO! I'LL BE IN THIS TERRITORY UNTIL TOMORROW!


FRED WORKED HARD AT HIS DREARY JOB...HAPPIER NOW, SEEING SOME HUMOR AGAIN IN LIFE...EATING WELL WITHOUT SUFFERING AFTERWARD!
EVENIN', MR. GALT! TURNIN' IN EARLY?
MIGHT AS WELL! IF I GET ANOTHER NIGHT'S SLEEP LIKE LAST NIGHT, I'LL BE A NEW MAN!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT BEIN' ROBBED, MR. GALT! THAT WINDOW'S BARRED AN' I'M UP ALL NIGHT SITTIN' RIGHT OUTSIDE YOUR DOOR! CAN'T NO ONE GET NEAR YOU!
THANKS BUT NO ONE WOULD ROB ME!

FRED FELL ASLEEP QUICKLY...ESCAPING INTO THAT HAPPIER WORLD HIS SUBCONSCIOUS HAD CRAVED TO REVISIT DURING THE DAY!
FRED COME WITH ME...STAY WITH ME...NEVER LEAVE ME AGAIN!

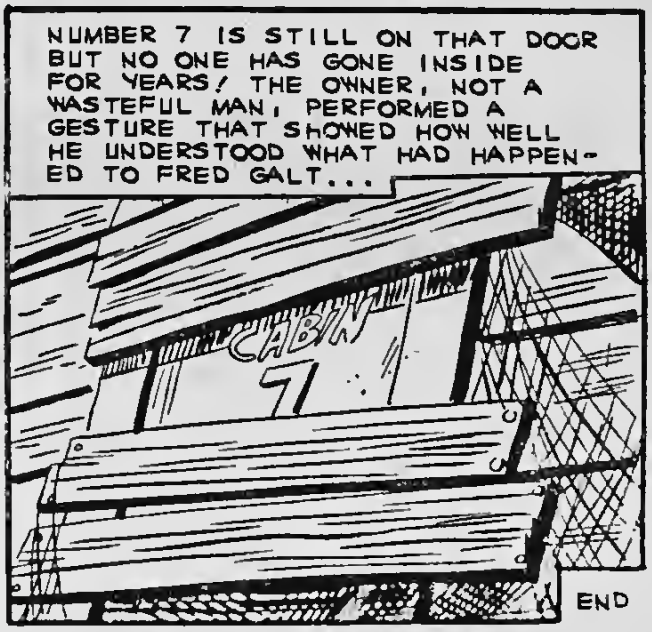
IT WAS A DREAM...THIS IS A DREAM, ISN'T IT?

IT WILL BE IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE, MY DARLING- DO YOU WANT YOUR LIFE WITH ME...IN MY WORLD?
IF ONLY I COULD, DARLING...

MORNING CAME...IT GREW LATE...THE DOOR TO CABIN 7 REMAINED SHUT UNTIL THE WOMAN WHO CLEANED THE CABINS CAME!
HE... HE LEFT HIS SUITCASE, SIR! DID YOU SEE HIM LEAVE?
NO--HE'S GOT TO BE IN THERE SOMEWHERE!
7

HE DREAMED OF HER TOO...BUT HE WAS UNHAPPIER IN THIS LIFE THAN I WAS! HE...HAD THE COURAGE!

HE DIDN'T LEAVE...HE'S STILL THERE, BEYOND THAT DOOR...I GUESS HE WOULDN'T COME OUT FOR ALL THE MONEY IN THE WORLD!
CABIN 7


NUMBER 7 IS STILL ON THAT DOOR BUT NO ONE HAS GONE INSIDE FOR YEARS! THE OWNER, NOT A WASTEFUL MAN, PERFORMED A GESTURE THAT SHOWED HOW WELL HE UNDERSTOOD WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO FRED GALT...
CABIN 7

END

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